

THE
WORKS
 OF
DIONYSIUS LONGINUS,
 On the Sublime:
 OR, A
TREATISE

Concerning the
Sovereign Perfection of Writing.

Translated from the Greek.

WITH
 Some REMARKS on the
English POETS.

By Mr. WELSTED.

*Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
 Cur ego, si nequo ignoroque Poeta salutor?
 Cur nescire, pudens pravé, quam discere malo?*

Hor. Ars. Poet.

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TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND
THE
Lord Bishop of *Winchester*.

My Lord,

I Promise my self, that the best
Set of Thoughts were ever
produced on the Subject of
good Writing, will not be an un-
welcome Offering to Your Lord-
ship, who have always been in the
most remarkable manner the Pa-
tron of Learning and learned Men,
and who have an Understanding

so finely turn'd for the relishing every Thing that is Polite and Human.

Beautiful Paintings and Statues feed the Eye with a ravishing kind of Pleasure; but excellent Descriptions and Images in Writing elevate the Soul with Transport, and furnish, of all others, the brightest Entertainment to those who are capable of taking in such Refinements: It is therefore with the most exact Justice and Propriety, that I have the Honour to make the present Application: This Address (if I may with Modesty so express my self) is no Intrusion: Your Lordship's known Character demands it.

It was a noble Custom, among the *Romans*, and truly worthy the Spirit of that gallant People, to take into their Protection the distressed

strefs'd, not only of their own, but Foreign Nations; nor is there any Thing thro' the whole Course of their History affords more Pleasure in the Contemplation, than that inviolable Justice and Honour which they exercised towards all their Clients and Dependants. Patronage among them shone forth in its pure and natural Lustre: There sat a disinterested Beauty in all their Actions, and the Praise of doing great and good Things was the sole Glory they aim'd at. I must confess, I have known the World too much and too well already to reflect on those Things with Delight; I have learn'd too soon to distinguish betwixt the Usage of the Antients and Moderns in this respect; but Your Lordship amply justifies me in the mentioning it, That Antient kind
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of Hospitality being reviv'd in the generous Patronage You afford to All, who have any Pretensions to Wit, Learning, or Humanity: Your Beneficence flows out on Arts and Sciences with such a Luxuriance, that none, who make a Figure in them, have been able to lie conceal'd from Your Notice, or to elude Your Favours.

That Divine Principle, which prompts Men to liberal Actions, is a Debt due to the Character of many; but Your Lordship exerts it with such uncommon Grace, and gives it so easy a Turn, that tho' You confer the highest Favours on others, You seem only to oblige Your Self. To practice Vertue is not altogether unusual, but to refine upon it is admirable: To do worthy Things is great, but to do them handsomly is greater:
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The one is the Prelate's Province,
the other the Gentleman's; this is
Virtuous, but that Heroick.

As Honour, Loyalty, and Cou-
rage have in all Ages been the di-
stinguishing Characters of the *Tre-
lawnies*; so the latter of these Qua-
lities adds to the common Suf-
frage of Mankind a Royal Testi-
mony, That of the wittiest of all
our Monarchs, who declar'd it was
a Virtue essential to Your Family,
and inseparable from the Name.
These Excellencies Your Lordship
may be said to have deriv'd from
Your Ancestors; these Invaluable
Legacies they bequeathed to You;
but You have enlarged (if I may
use the Metaphor) Your Paternal
Coat with so many Additional
Marks and Badges of Honour, that
the Glory You receiv'd from Your
Illustrious House is lost in that You
reflect

reflect upon it, and Your great Progenitors were but as so many Stars which serv'd to usher up a more resplendent Sun. Nature asks Time for the finishing a Master-piece; she makes her first Essays in Patterns of a less perfect Excellence; from hence she proceeds gradually to higher Improvements, and forms many successive *Trelawnies*, till at last she rises into a *Winchester*.

Were I able to describe in a just manner, with what Firmness Your Lordship has stood in defence of that Church, whose Ornament You are, how You have animated all her Professors by Your great Example, how bore her Ensigns in Triumph over Tyranny and Oppression, how preferr'd Imprisonment to Dishonour, and Danger to Falshood; in a word, what Con-

Constancy and Resolution You
You have express'd in the most
perilous Times, how noble a Zeal
at some Junctures, and how ex-
emplary a Moderation at others;
as Truth dictated, and the Necess-
sity of Things required; were I
capable of placing these Things
in their proper Light, I should
not only do Justice to Your Lord-
ship, but Honour to my Coun-
try.

*Hac arte Pollux & vagus Her-
cules*

Innexus arces attigit igneas;

— *Hac Quirinus*

*Martis equis Acheronta fu-
git.*

These, My Lord, are the Arts,
which have deservedly rais'd You
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to one of the most eminent Stations in the Church; These are the Arts, which have made You the Delight of the present Age, and will make You the Admiration of the next; These Truths, which render Panegyrick useless, and rob Flattery of its Name; In short, these are Facts, which require the Talents of a more experienc'd Writer than my self, and must be left to the Management of that skilful Historian, who shall be so happy as to Pen the Transactions of the Times in which You flourish'd.

My Lord, The more I have the Honour to contemplate these Things, the more Satisfaction I find in reflecting on those happy Ages of the World, when Arts found Sanctuary in Courts, and were cherish'd in the Palace: Then
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it was that Poets convers'd with Kings, and Philosophers were the Companions of Princes: Then it was, as *Pliny* elegantly observes, that Men lov'd Praise, because they lov'd to do praise-worthy Things; every City produced its Hero; all Men revered the Muses.

Those Times are in some measure restor'd by the Influence Your Lordship has in these: Learning reigns in Your Palace, and Ingenuity adorns Your Board; You have found out the Arts to reconcile Magnificence with Prudence, and to join State to Affability; You live to Vertue, to Mankind, and Your Self; Wise even in Your Mirth, and Abstemious in the midst of Plenty.

It is with great Reluctance that I suppress the strong Desire I have
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of indulging my Imagination on so bright a Theme; but the just Regard I have for the preciousness of Your Lordship's Moments, with a due Sense, that what I relate with Pleasure, will be heard by You with Pain, over-bears my Fondness for such a Pursuit.

Thus the very deservings of Praise, with respect to Your Lordship, is an Argument that it ought not to be given.

To take off therefore from the Tedioufness of this Address and Injury that is offer'd to Modest Worth by commending it, I will only add, That had our great Statesman and Critick *Longinus* liv'd in these Days, he might have discern'd a certain Sublime in Life as well as Writing, an Air of Majesty in the Manners as well as Thoughts: There is in some
Men

Men a Spirit of Greatness, which informs their whole Behaviour, and gives them I know not what Elevation, even in the most ordinary Occurrences; there is a Tincture of Glory in the meanest Incidents of their Lives; they breath nothing but Grandeur. The Application of this is so easy, that I am convinced every Man will know where to fix it, except Your Lordship.

To conclude, I have Hopes, this Author's high Reputation will procure him an Indulgent Reception from Your Lordship, that He will be permitted the Honour of a Place among Your Learned Guests, and that You cannot be displeased to see Precepts laid down, by which others may be enabled to Immortalize those Actions which Your Self enjoy
the

the God-like Consciouſness to
have perform'd. I am with the
moſt profound Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt

Obedient and Devoted

Humble Servant,

Leonard Welſted.

T H E

THE
PREFACE.

IT must be a very unpleasing Reflection to any one, who has a just and critical Taste of the Writings of the Antients, to consider, how many noble and useful Works have been swallowed up in the Ocean of Time. Of what Important Value several of them were, is to be collected from the Character which Contemporary Authors and others have given us of them, a Circumstance, that serves only to aggravate our Pain for their Loss. Of all the Labours, which have suffer'd, or totally perish'd in this Wreck, there are few deserve more to be regretted than those various Tracts of Longinus, the Titles of which are confusedly recounted by Suidas and Porphyry, to the Number of Twenty Five: It appears, they were most of them Works of Criticism; and if we may judge by what is left, each must have been a Master-piece in its kind: This little Treatise of the Sublime, or as Casaubon styles it, this Golden Book, is the only one
that

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that has been preserved; and even This comes to us very much mutilated and imperfect in several Places. There is however enough of it remaining to furnish out the best Piece of Rhetorick the World ever saw, and to lead us to a true Relish of those excellent Writings which we have the good fortune not to have lost, as Homer, Euripides, Plato, Demosthenes, &c. The Beauties of these inimitable Poets and Orators are pointed out in the most agreeable, lively, and enforcing manner; and the Methods, by which others may arrive at the same Perfections, laid down with great Nicety and Elegance. The Reader will further observe, as has indeed been observed by all, that the Sublime, so much contended for, is frequently exemplified in the very Words in which it is treated. In one word, that Air of an honest Man, that Spirit of Politeness, that Elevation both of Thought and Language, and that piercing Judgment which runs through the whole Work, are things so well known to the Learned, and so amply confirm'd by the concurring Testimonies of the greatest Men, that it were but an unprofitable Task to add any thing more to what has already been said upon that Subject.

Dionysius

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Dionysius Longinus is supposed to have descended of eminent and worthy Parents; but what his Father's Name was, Nobody, as I find, has been able to discover: This seems to have been no small Disappointment to some Annotators and Others, who have therefore highly condemn'd the negligent and incurious Temper of Antiquity in letting so weighty a Matter escape their Observation: What particular Country he owed his Birth to, is as lamely, tho' variously conjectur'd, except that he was a Grecian in general, which I think no one has hitherto offer'd to dispute. The Uncertainty our Predecessors have left us in, as to these grand Points, may perhaps be a very great Misfortune, but as they are of too nice a Nature to be discussed in this Place, and Things which I believe the Reader will be as little concern'd for as my self, I shall take no further Notice of them. To proceed, we are told the Name of our Author's Mother was Phrontonis; this Lady was the Sister of Cornelius Phronto, the Orator, who taught Rhetorick in great Repute at Athens, and when he died, made Longinus his Heir. As for the rest, it is reported of Longinus, that he travell'd over great part of the World in his Youth, for the finishing his Studies, and for the sake of conversing with the most celebrated

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- brated Men of his Age, among whom are particularly named Ammonius and Origen: this is what is related by himself in one of his Fragments. He flourish'd some Years at Athens, and was undoubtedly a great Philosopher as well as Rhetorician, as may be understood, not only from the Titles of some of those Books which are lost, but from the Testimonies of Porphyry and Eunapius: The former of these was his Scholar, and the latter, in the Lives of the Philosophers, is lavish even to Extravagance, in the Encomiums he gives him. If we may credit what those Writers say, he was acknowledged as the Sovereign Judge and Arbitrator of the Merit of all Compositions, and held in so great esteem, that in Matters of Learning and Eloquence, nothing was allow'd as current, till it had receiv'd his Stamp and Authority: His Judgment was Arbitrary, and all Men condemn'd or approv'd as he directed.

As Longinus was the most eminent Critick of his Time, so was he also a Statesman of the first Rank, being in the highest Credit with Zenoby, Queen of the Palmyrenians, that noble Heroine, who after the Death of her Husband Odenatus, declared her self Queen of the East. He is supposed to have been the Author of that famous Letter which
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she wrote to the Emperor Aurelian, and which afterwards prov'd the occasion of his Death. As the Death of this great Man, is one of the most tragical Incidents those Times afford; I shall insert here the Account that is given of it by Flavius Vopiscus.

This Eastern Princess, as he informs us, upon the Defeat of her Army, retir'd to Palmyra, whither she was pursued by Aurelian, and soon after besieg'd: She made a gallant Defence, and held the Town with incredible Bravery; which so puzzled the Roman Emperor, that he wrote her a Letter, wherein he offer'd her her Life, and a Place of Retreat, provided she would surrender within a certain Time. The posture of her Affairs at that Time, Vopiscus observes, requir'd a milder sort of Answer than that she made. The Air of her Letter is very particular, and therefore I will insert it.

**ZENOBIÉ, Queen of the
East, to the Emperor Aurelian.**

NO Man ever made so haughty a Demand as yours. It is Valour, Aurelian, which must give Success in War.

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You command me to submit my self, as if you was ignorant, that *Cleopatra* chose rather to die with the Title of a Queen, than to live possess'd of all other Dignities without it. The *Sarazens* Arm for us; the *Armenians* have declar'd in our Favour. A Troop of Highway-men has defeated your whole Army in *Syria*. Judge what you are to expect when all these Forces shall join. You will abate somewhat of that Insolence, with which, as absolute Master of the Universe, you command me to surrender.

Notwithstanding this swelling Language, the Town was soon taken; and the Queen intercepted, as she was endeavouring to make her Escape to the Persians. Her the Emperor reserv'd to grace his Triumph; but Longinus, among others, was put to Death, on pretence of the preceding Epistle, of which he was suspected to be the Author, tho it was written in the *Syriack* Tongue.

Zosimus further says, that Zenobie her self was his Accuser, imputing to him the violent Measures she had taken: They both agree, that He was universally lamented; and the latter adds, that he died with the most Heroick Constancy, consoling those who were touch'd with Indignation and Pity for his Misfortune. If

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If this Account may be depended on, it were no Injury to the greatest Philosophers and Heroes of Antiquity to number Longinus with them.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res,
Tentantem majora, fere præsentibus æquum.*

He had a noble Ambition, which prompted him to attempt great things, but at the same time he preserv'd in adverse Affairs that Oequanimity and Constancy which is peculiar to great Minds.

As to the present Performance, I intend to say but little of it. It is indeed observ'd by Mr. Dacier and Others, that of all the Greek Authors, there are none so difficult to be translated as the Rhetoricians; to which I shall add a Remark of Mr. Despreaux upon the same Subject: It is an easy matter, says that Author, for a Latin Translator to bring himself fairly off even in such places as he does not understand; all he has to do, is to render the Greek word for word, and to find out such Expressions as may seem at least intelligible. In the mean time, the Reader, who very often apprehends nothing of the matter,
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is apt rather to attribute the Fault to himself than to the Ignorance of the Translator. It fares quite otherwise with those Translations that are made in a vulgar Tongue ; every Thing which the Reader does not understand is declared Nonsense, and the Translator only is answerable for it: Nay, the very Faults of his Author are imputed to him, and he is obliged in many places to rectify them, without daring at the same time to depart from the Sense.

For my own part, I have endeavour'd to make Longinus speak in the free familiar Style of a Gentleman, and to take from him, as far as I was able, the Stiffness of a Critick. In order to give him an English Dress, and that a fashionable one, I have been obliged to indulge my self in some Latitude, but have nevertheless all along preserved the most strict Regard for his true Sense and Meaning. The Poetical Quotations, which are the most material part, are all new render'd. Sappho's Ode only was so well done to my Hands, that I did not think it worth while to re-translate it. In a word, I have done the best I could ; and if any one shall hereafter think fit to give the Publick a better Version, he will deserve Encouragement.

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Of the Author himself, it may be observ'd in general, that he seems to labour under one Fault; but it is the same with almost all Authors, at least all that I have met with, are more or less guilty of; I mean want of Perspicuity. The reason of this may probably be, that the generality of Writers are rather apt to consider, with how much Delicacy and Fineness, than how clearly, they shall express their Thoughts, a thing which frequently betrays them into such Stiffnesses and Formalities of Diction, that it is with great difficulty you comprehend their meaning. Longinus, if in any thing, as I have hinted, errs in this; he discovers too apparent an Affectation of Brevity, even beyond what the Greek Language it self will admit of, tho' otherwise wonderfully adapted for closeness, and the throwing a great deal of Matter into a little compass: To this I may venture to add, that his Language is his least valuable part. As I have endeavour'd to remedy the above-mentioned Defect, so I have purposely avoided clogging the Book with Notes, Comments, Marginal Reflections, and those other heavy Appurtenances of Learning, which however they may serve for Ostentation to the Writer, cannot possibly be of use to the Reader, I mean the English one, for whom this Work is primarily intended.

To

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To conclude, a Performance of this kind, it is hoped, will not prove altogether unuseful, as having a natural Tendency to revive that Veneration for Antiquity, which seems in a great measure to be lost in this Age, wherein 'tis become modish for Men to despise every thing they do not understand. The beautiful Passages, which are so frequently quoted from the old Epick and Dramatick Writers, from the Orators and Philosophers, and which are so happily and variously illustrated, will at least cherish in us worthy Sentiments of those illustrious Dead: And this, one would think, must naturally grow into an Ambition of being more conversant and familiar with their Writings, and beget a desire of adding new Discoveries to those that are already pointed out. One engaging Scene of Pleasure leads the Mind with a sweet irresistible Force in search of another; and it is with reluctance we leave a delightful Landskip, till we have survey'd it in all its Parts.

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WORKS
OF

Dionysius Longinus.

YOU may remember, *Terentianus*,
that upon our reading over to-
gether *Cecilius's* little Treatise
concerning the *Sublime*, we a-
greed, That the *Stile* did not answer the
Dignity of the Subject; That the prin-
cipal Points in that Argument were not
touched upon; and, in short, That such
a Work could not be of any great advan-
tage to the Reader, which is yet the main
thing every Writer ought to have in view:
Besides that, in the treating of any Art,
there are two things always to be confi-
der'd; the first is, to make one's Subject
rightly understood; the second, which
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tho' not in order, yet in effect is first, consists in pointing out the methods by which the thing we speak of may be attain'd. *Cecilius* has altogether confin'd himself to one of these, endeavouring to shew, by a multitude of Words, what this Grand or Sublime is; as if it were a matter utterly unknown: But as to the means of making ones self Master of the Sublime, there he is silent, he does not say one word of it, but passes it over, I know not how, as a Thing absolutely unnecessary. After all, perhaps, that Author is not so much to blame for his omissions, as he is to be commended for the pains he has been at, and the good design he had in it. But, nevertheless, since you have made it your request, that I also should write something upon this Subject, I will, (for the sake of obliging you) try, if I can make any proper or useful Observations thereupon.

But believe me, Dear *Terentianus*, the Conditions on which I write, are, that you shall carefully revise my Work with me, and give me your Sentiments upon it, with that Truth and Sincerity, which ought to be used between Friends; for, as *Pythagoras* has very well observ'd, *We*

can

*can in nothing so much resemble the gods,
as in doing Good, and in speaking the
Truth.*

But as I write to you, who are a Man of Great Knowledge and Learning, I need not trouble my self about several matters, which otherwise it would have been necessary for me to have premised, *viz.* That the Sovereign perfection and excellence of good Writing consists in this very thing, Sublime, and that 'tis this which has given that immortal reputation and glory to the greatest Poets, and most celebrated Authors of Antiquity.

For, to speak properly, the Sublime rather ravishes than persuades; it creates in us a certain transport and admiration, mixed with astonishment and surprize, which is altogether distinct from barely pleasing or perswading. We may say of the Art of Perswasion, that in general it has no more power over us than we please; but not so of the Sublime: It gives Writing a peculiar nobleness and vigour, an irresistible force which elevates the Soul of every one that hears it. As for delicacy of Invention, and the beauty and regularity of Disposition, they are things which are not discernable from one or

two Passages in a Discourse: It is very well, if they appear in the general tenour of the whole: But when once the Sublime comes to shine out in its proper place, it bears all before it like a Hurricane, and presents, at one view, the Orator's whole collected force; but 'tis superfluous to mention these and the like things to you, who are so well vers'd in all sorts of Literature, and are capable, if you think fit, of reading me a much better Lecture upon the same Topick.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

THE first thing to be consider'd, is, Whether there be a particular Art in Sublimity; for there are some People imagin, that 'tis utterly wrong to attempt to reduce it into Art, and lay down Precepts for it; the Sublime, say they, is born with us, and is not to be learn'd; the only Art of coming at it is to have it by Nature. Then, as they pretend, there are several Works, which ought to be the sole production of Nature; to bind them up with Rules were to take away all manner of Spirit from them, and render them dry, jejune, and insipid; but I'm satisfyed, if we look well into the thing, we shall find it otherwise..

And indeed, tho' Nature never gives herself a greater loose than in sublime and pathetick Discourses, yet one may easily see, she does not leave herself to the conduct of Chance, nor is at all an Enemy to Rules and Art; I will acknowledge, that in every Production we ought to make her the fundamental Principle
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and Basis to work upon ; but then 'tis as certain, that the Mind stands in need of Method to direct it, both to say that which is proper, and to say it in the right place, and that this method may very much contribute towards the acquiring to our selves a certain habit and perfection in Sublimity. A Ship, if abandon'd to its its own levity, and destitute of the due proportion of Ballast, will be in great danger of being lost ; and so it is with sublime, when hurried away by the meer impetuosity of unexperienced, uncultivated Nature. The Mind has very often as great occasion for a Bridle as a Spur. *Demosthenes* somewhere says, *That the greatest good that can arrive to us in our Lives is to be happy* : But yet there is another of no less importance, and without which the first cannot subsist ; I mean, *to know how to govern our selves with Prudence*. We may say as much with regard to Writing ; Nature is the first and most necessary step towards Sublimity ; but if she is not conducted by Art, she wanders blindly without knowing where she goes, or upon what Errand.----Hence proceed such extravagant Thoughts as these. *Torrents wrapt up in flames ; Belching in the face*

of

of Heaven ; and several such like Modes of Expression, with which this Piece abounds. Now these Things are not really Great and Tragical, but Bloated and Bombast. Phrases thus embarrassed with unnatural Ideas rather trouble and spoil the Discourse than serve to elevate it, insomuch that when one views them near, and, as it were, in open day, what appear'd at first sight so terrible, becomes all of a sudden trifling and ridiculous: But if in Tragedy, which is in its nature pompous and magnificent, it be an insupportable Fault in an Author to swell extravagantly and out of season, with how much more reason ought it to be condemn'd in ordinary Writing? Hence is it, that *Leontinas Gorgias* was so justly derided for having call'd *Xerxes, the Jove of the Persians*, and *Vultures, animated Sepulchres*. Nor has *Callisthenes* been treated with less severity, who, in certain places of his Writings, cannot so properly be said to rise as to fly out of sight. But in my Opinion there is not among them all one so overswoll'n and big as *Clitarcus*. That Man, I vow to God, is meer froth and outside. He seems to resemble one, who, if I may make use of *Sophocles's* words,

Words, Gapes enormously wide to blow a little Flagellet : One may pass the same Judgment upon *Amphicrates*, *Hegeſias* and *Matris* : Thoſe Authors imagining ſometimes, That they are inſpired and poſſeſt with Divine Raptures, inſtead of Thund'ring, as they ſuppoſe, trifle moſt egregiouſly, and are childiſhly ridiculous.

It is certain, in matter of Eloquence, there is nothing more difficult to be avoided than Bombaſt, for as in all things we naturally affect the Grand or Sublime, and do not ſeem to fear any thing ſo much as the Imputation of Inſipidneſs, or want of Spirit, it ſo happens, I know not how, that moſt Writers fall into the Vice founded upon this common Maxim.

He greatly falls, who falls in great Attempt.

In the mean time it is not to be doubted, but Bombaſt or Tumour is as vicious in Writing as in the Body : The outside is nothing but Appearance and Deceit, the inſide all Vacancy and Emptineſs, and has ſometimes a quite different

different Effect from the Sublime ; for, as the Proverb says, *What is more dry than a Dropsical Person ?*

And, good now, after all, What is this same Puerility we are speaking of ? why, 'tis evidently no other than the Thought of a School-Boy, which, by being too far fetch'd, becomes Cold and Starv'd : This is generally the Fault of those, who, forsooth, must be every now and then saying something that's Bright and Extraordinary ; but more especially of those, who are at a great deal of pains to be Pleasant and Agreeable ; for in the End, their too eager Endeavours after a Figurative Stile betray them into the grossest Affectation.

There is a third Fault as opposite to the Sublime as the other two ; and this regards the Pathetic : *Theodorus* calls that an unseasonable Rage, when a Man heats himself nothing to the purpose, or when he's transported to Excess, tho' the Subject admits but of a moderate Warmth : And indeed one very often meets with Orators, who, as if they were drunk, suffer themselves to be hurried away with Passions, which have nothing

thing to do with the Business in hand, but which are proper to themselves, and which they brought with them from School; so that no body being in the least affected with what they say, they seldom fail to render themselves contemptible and odious: This being the necessary result of blustering and raving without occasion before such as continue unmoved. But we shall take occasion to speak of what relates to the Passions in another place,

CHAPTER

CHAP. III.

AS to what regards that starv'd puerile Style of which we have been speaking, *Timeus* is full of it. That Author is Skilful enough in other respects; he is not wanting sometimes in the Sublime: He knows a great deal, and says sensible things enough: But he is so naturally inclin'd to censure the Vices of others, tho' blind to his own; and so over-curious to set forth new Fancies, that that very thing is the cause that he often falls into the last puerility. I shall content myself with producing only one or two Instances, because *Cecilius* has reported a great number. In praising *Alexander the Great*, He has, says he, conquer'd all Asia in less time than *Isocrates* took to write his Panegyric. What an excellent comparison is here found out for *Alexander the Great*, viz. a Rhetorician? By the same Rule, *Timeus*, it will follow, that the *Lacedemonians* ought to yield the Prize of Valour to *Isocrates*, since they were thirty Years in taking the City

City of *Messene*, and he but ten in making his *Panegyric*.

But, speaking of the *Athenians*, who were Prisoners of War of *Sicily*, what an Exclamation do you think he makes use of? *This was*, says he, *a Judgment from Heaven, on the account of their Impiety to the God Hermes, alias, Mercury, whose Statues they had maimed; especially considering, that there was a Captain in the Enemies Army who had derived his Name from Hermes, from Father to Son, viz. Hermocrates, the Son of Hermon.* In good truth, my Friend, I am amazed, that he has not said the same thing of *Denys the Tyrant, viz. That the Gods permitted him to be expelled his Kingdom by Dion and Heraclides*, by reason of the little respect he bore to *Dios and Heracles*, that is, *Jupiter and Hercules*.

But to what purpose should we mention any thing further of *Timæus*? Those Heroes of Antiquity, those illustrious Scholars of *Socrates, Xenophon, and Plato*; even they sometimes forget themselves so far as to let somewhat low and puerile escape them in their Writings;

Writings: As for Instance, The former of these, in his Book concerning the the Republic of the *Lacedæmonians*, has these words; *One can no more hear their Voices than if they were made of Wood; they turn their Eyes no more than if they were Brass: In short, You would swear they were more modest than those parts of the Eyes which we call in Greek by the Name of the Virgins.* It had been more proper for *Amphicrates* than *Xenophon* to have call'd the Apples of the Eye *Virgins full of Modesty.* Good God! What extravagance of Thought is here! because the Greek Word *Κορη*, which signifies the *Apple of the Eye*, signifies also a *Virgin*, to suppose therefore, that all these Apples of the Eyes must be universally esteem'd *modest Virgins!* At the same time, there is not, perhaps, a place about us, which can so properly be call'd *the Seat of Impudence*, as the Eye. And 'tis for this reason that *Homer*, to express an Impudent Fellow, terms him, *a Drunkard, who carries the impudence of a Dog in his Eyes.* In the mean time, 'twas notable in *Timæus*, not to be able to see so cold and miserable a Thought in *Xenophon*, without challenging it as a piece of Goods that had

had been stol'n from him by that Author. And see how he manages it in the Life of *Agathocles*, Is it not a strange thing, says he, that he should ravish his own Cousin, who had been just married to another Man? That he should ravish her, I say, the very next Day after her Nuptials? For who is there that could have done such a thing, had he but had Virgins in his Eyes, and not the most impudent Apples that ever were?

But what shall we say of the Divine Plato, who, speaking of those Tables whereon the public Acts were written, says, Having written all these things, they shall place those Monuments of Cypress in the Temples? And in another place, concerning the Walls, As for the Walls, Megillus, I would, agreeable to the Opinion of the Spartans, let them sleep upon the Ground, and never cause them to rise more. Of much such a ridiculous Strain is that of *Herodotus*, when he calls handsome Women *Eye-fores*: But that, however, seems, in some measure, pardonable in the place 'tis in, since 'tis spoken by a Company of Barbarians, in the midst of Wine and Debauchery; but yet the Persons
are

are not sufficient entirely to excuse the meanness of the thing; nor would a Man, for the sake of the idle pleasure he may receive from so poor a Jest, run the hazard of displeasing all Posterity.

CHAP. IV.

ALL Affectations of this kind, which are, in themselves, so trivial and low, proceed from the same Cause, viz. too great a desire of finding out such Thoughts as are new and unobvious: And this is the common Mischief of most Writers to this Day; for ill Effects are frequently derived from the same Source with good ones; and those very things, which, on some Occasions, contribute most to the Embellishment of our Works, those very things, I say, which constitute the Beauty, the Grandeur and Grace of Elocution, have at other times quite different Effects;

Effects; as may be easily observ'd in *Hyperboles*, and those Figures which we call *Plurals*. How dangerous it may be to make use of those, we shall take an Opportunity to shew, in the Sequel. At present, let us consider, how we may best avoid those Faults which so often creep into the Sublime; and this we may compass, provided we can once get a clear and distinct Knowledge of the true Sublime, and be able to form a right Judgment upon it. But this, it must be acknowledged, is a very difficult Matter, and must be the Effect of long Experience, and the last Fruits, if I may so express myself, of a finish'd course of Studies. Nevertheless, we'll endeavour, as far as we are able, to point out some Method of arriving sooner at this Knowledge.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

YOU must know then, *Terentianus*, that in Common Life, nothing ought to be reputed Great, which it argues true Greatness to contemn: Such are Riches, Dignities, Honour, Power, and those other specious and delusory Things, which, notwithstanding all their outward Pomp, will never be esteemed real and substantial Goods in the Judgment of a wise Man. On the contrary, no greater Good can accrue to us than to be able to despise them; and therefore we less admire those who actually possess them, than those who, when they have it in their power to do so, reject them with a noble Disdain and greatness of Soul.

The same Judgment we ought to form, with regard to the Works of Poets and Orators, that is, we ought to be particularly cautious, lest we mistake for Sublime, what is but the appearance and shadow of it; a multitude of big Words crouded together, which, if well examined,

D

amined, are nothing but Noise and Vapour, and consequently more worthy of our Contempt than Admiration. There is this peculiar in the true Sublime, that, when one hears it, it elevates the Soul, and makes her conceive, as it were, somewhat greater of herself; it fills her with Pleasure, and a certain noble Pride, as if she herself had produced what she barely heard.

When therefore a Man of good Sense and Taste in these Matters shall repeat to us a Passage of any Author, if after having heard this Passage several times, we do not find the Soul sensibly exalted, nor retaining an Idea superiour even to what we heard, but find, on the contrary, that it sinks and cannot support itself, we may conclude, there is nothing of Sublime there, but that it is an empty sound of Words, which only tinkles in the Ear and leaves no impression in the Mind. It is an infallible Mark of Sublime, when we find a Discourse dwells strongly upon our Minds; when at first view it has an Influence upon us, which 'tis very difficult, if not impossible, to resist, and when afterwards it

it remains with us, so as hardly ever to be effaced : In a word, imagine that to be truly Sublime, which pleases in all its Parts, and which pleases every Body; for when a great number of Persons of different Ages and Professions, of different Humours and Inclinations, all conspire in admiring some particular Passage in a Discourse; such the unanimous Judgment and Approbation of Men, of so distant Characters, is a certain and indubitable Proof, that it has in it something very Great and Surprising.

D 2

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THERE are, if I may use the Expression, five principal Sources of Sublime; but these five presuppose, as their common Foundation, a Faculty or Talent for Speaking, without which, all the rest is nothing.

This being admitted, the first and most considerable is, a certain Force and Superiority of Genius, which prompts a Man to think Happily and Greatly, as we have already shewn, in our Commentary upon *Xenophon*.

The Second, consists in the Pathetic: I understand by the Pathetic, that Rapture and that natural Vehemence which affects and moves: These two first are almost wholly owing to Nature, and must be born with us, whereas the others depend partly upon Art.

The Third, is no other than Figures turn'd after various manners: And Figures are of two sorts, either as they regard

regard the Thought, or as they regard the Diction.

For the Fourth, we will assign Nobleness of Expression : Which also has two Parts, viz. The choice of Words, and the elegant and figurative Diction.

As for the Fifth, which, properly speaking, is what creates the Sublime, and includes in it all the rest : 'Tis the Art of disposing and ranging Words in all their Magnificence and Dignity.

And now let us consider, what there is remarkable in every one of these Species in particular. But, by the By, we must take notice, That *Cecilius* has forgot some of them, and among others, the Pathetic. And certainly, if he did it from a belief that the Sublime and Pathetic could not subsist one without the other, and that they were in Effect the same thing, he is under a Mistake ; for there are Passions which have nothing of the Sublime, and which have even somewhat Low, such as Affliction, Fear, Sorrow. On the contrary, there are a great many things very Noble and Sublime,

lime, which yet leave no room for Passion. Such among a Thousand others, is that of *Homer*, where he speaks with so much boldness of the *Aloides*.

*High on Olympus, Ossa they upreard,
And heap'd on Ossa's Head unweildy Pelion,
Trembling with all his Forests, so to scale
The vast Empyrean. —*

What follows is yet more strong.

And they had surely don't, &c.

Odyss. L. 11.

It is observable in Prose, that *Panegyric*, and all those Discourses which are made chiefly for Ostentation, abound throughout with the Sublime, tho', for the most part, they have nothing of Passion. And hence it is, that those Orators are commonly least fit for *Panegyric*, who are most Pathetical, and those who succeed most in *Panegyric*, understand least how to touch the Passions.

But if *Cecilius* imagin'd, that the Pathetic did not at all contribute to the Sublime,

Sublime, and that, consequently, 'twas to no purpose to speak of it, he is as much mistaken as before: For I dare affirm, that there is, perhaps, nothing which more elevates Discourse than a Beautiful moving Touch, or a Well-wrought Passion, properly introduced: In short, 'tis a kind of Enthusiasm and noble Fury, which animates an Oration, and gives it a Fire and Spirit that is truly Divine.

But if it be demanded, how this may be learnt, I have written in another place, that the elevated Oration I speak of, is, as it were, a Mirror, which represents a Great Soul: And tis for this Reason, we often admire a Man's naked Thought, without any Words, but only for the sake of that Grandeur and Spirit which appears in it. Take for Example, the Silence of Ajax upon his Embarque, the Silence of Ulysses in the Elysian Fields: there we think somewhat more of the Sublime in that Silence of his, than in any thing he could possibly have said.

C H A P. VII.

NOW, tho' the First and most considerable of the Five Things I have been mentioning, I mean, that natural Superiority of Genius which prompts a Man to think happily, be rather the Gift of Heaven, than a Quality to be Acquir'd, yet ought we, as far as we are able, to form and inure our Minds to great Things, and keep them continually possess'd with generous and noble Sentiments.

But if it be demanded, how this may be learn'd, I have written in another place, that the elevated Genius I speak of, is, as it were, a Mirrour, which represents a Great Soul: And 'tis for this Reason we often admire a Man's naked Thought, tho' unaccompanied with Words, purely for the sake of that Grandeur and Spirit which appears in it. Take for Example, the Silence of *Ajax* upon his Encounter'ing *Ulysses* in the *Elisian* Fields; there is methinks somewhat more of the Sublime in that Silence of his, than in any thing he could possibly have said.

The

The first Qualification then that we are to suppose in a great Orator is, that he must not have a groueling Spirit, since it is impossible that a Man whose Sentiments and Inclinations are always mean and servile, should ever produce any thing noble and worthy of Posterity. It is probable that they only, who entertain great and worthy Conceptions, are capable of making elevated Discourses, and 'tis peculiarly the part of Great Men to let fall surprizing and extraordinary things. Consider, for instance, the Answer which *Alexander* made, when *Darius* offer'd him half *Asia* with his Daughter in Marriage: *For my part,* says *Parmenio* to him, *were I Alexander, I would accept of these Conditions. And so would I too,* replied that Monarch, *were I Parmenio.* Who but an *Alexander* cou'd have made such an Answer?

It is this particular in which *Homer* principally excels; his Thoughts are all Sublime, as may be observ'd in his description of the Goddess of Discord.

Walks

*Walks on the Ground and hides her Head
in Clouds.*

One would be apt indeed to say, that that prodigious Description does not so much shew the Stature of the Goddess, as the extent of the Poet's Genius and Capacity. Of how different a strain is that which we find in the Poem ascrib'd to *Hesiod*, concerning the Goddess of Darkness.

A fetid Humour trickled from her Nose.

He does not properly render the Goddess terrible, but odious and distasteful: On the contrary, see what Majesty *Homer* gives his Gods.

*Far as a Man may with his Eyes explore,
Who sits upon a Beacon nigh the Shore,
Viewing the Surface of the Purple Deep;
So far the Gods's high-mettled Coursers
leap,
At each immortal Bound.*

Iliad, L. 5.

Thus

Thus he measures the extent of their Leap by that of the Universe. Might not a Man, upon observing the Magnificence of this Hyperbole, cry out with good reason, that if the Coursers of the Gods were to take another Leap, they would not find space enough in the World? The Descriptions likewise which he gives us of the Battels of the Gods have something in them very great,

*The Heavens resounded, and Olympus
shook.* *Il. L. 21.*

And again:

*The King of Darkness Terror does invade;
From his Infernal Throne he starts dis-
may'd,*

*And bellows, lest Earth-shaking Neptune
cleave*

*The shatter'd Universe, and nekad leave
Expos'd to common View of Men and
Gods,*

*The horrible, the gloomy, barren Abodes,
Which e'en th' Immortals dread.*

Iliad. Lib. 20.

Do

Do you see here, my Friend, the Earth opening to her Center, the Regions of Death just ready to appear, and the whole Fabrick of the World upon the point of being rent asunder and destroyed, to signifie that in this Combat Heaven, Hell, Things mortal and immortal, every thing co-labour'd as it were with the Gods, and that all Nature was endanger'd. But these Thoughts must be all taken in an Allegorical sense; otherwise they carry in them somewhat frightful, impious, and disagreeable to the majesty of the Gods. For my own Part, when I observe in *Homer* the Troubles, the Factions, the Tears, the Punishments, the Imprisonments of the Gods, and all those other Accidents to which they are continually liable, I am apt to imagin, that he endeavour'd, as much as he could, to make Gods of those Men who were at the Siege of *Troy*, and to turn the Gods themselves into Men: Nay, he even makes their condition worse; for we, when we are unfortunate, may find at least in Death a certain relief from Misery; whereas in the manner he represents the Gods, he does not so properly render them Immortal as eternally Miserable.

It

It is there then that he has succeeded most, where he has Painted a God such as he really is in all his Majesty and Grandeur, and without any allay or mixture of Terrestrial Things; as in that Passage which has been taken notice of by several before, where speaking of Neptune, he says:

*—Where'er Imperial Neptune treads,
Convulsions shake the awful Mountain-heads;
And the Wood trembles.*

*And in another place,
As o'er the Cærule Flood his Chariot drives,
The Whales from all parts leave the oozy
Deep,
And play in wanton Sport and round him
leap;
So well they knew their Lord. —
With conscious Joy th' obsequious Waves
divide,
While o'er the liquid Plain the Racers glide.*

Iliad. Lib. 13.

In like manner the Legislator of the Jews, who was no ordinary Man, having just and adequate Notions of the Gran-

Grandeur and Puissance of the Deity, has, at the beginning of his Laws, express'd himself with all suitable Dignity in the following Words, *God said, let there be Light, and there was Light; let the Earth be made, and the Earth was made.*

I believe, my dear Friend, you'll not think me troublesome, if I take the liberty to quote one Passage more of our Poet, which relates to Men, that you may see how truly Heroical *Homer* himself is, when he draws the Character of a Hero. A thick Cloud had all of a sudden surrounded the *Grecian* Army, and obstructed the Fight. In these Circumstances *Ajax* not knowing what resolution to take, cries out:

——— O Father, Father Jove,
Disperse the Clouds, which round the
Grecians flow,
That we may see the Day and see the Foe:
Give me but Light, one Beam of Light
but spread,
And then hurl all thy Thunder on my
Head. *Il. L. 17.*

These

These are the true Sentiments of a Warrior, like *Ajax*; he demands not to live; a Hero were not capable of so much meanness; but as he finds no opportunity of signalizing his Courage in the midst of Darkness, he frets that he cannot fight, then hastily asks for Day, that he may, at least, make an *Exit* worthy his undaunted Soul; and that, even tho' *Jupiter* himself were to be his Antagonist. In a word, *Homer* in this place is as a favourable Gale, which second the Efforts of the Combatants, for he seems to be actuated with no less violence:

*Than the Spear-shaker Mars, nor raging
Fire
That on the Mount lays the thick Forest
wast;*
His bailing Lips are with a Foam o'ercaft.

Il. L. 15.

But I must beg you to observe, for several Reasons, how feeble he is grown in his *Odysseis*, where he shews, in effect, that 'tis the property of a great Mind, when once it begins to decline and sink with Age, to delight it self with Tales and

and Fables; for that he compos'd the *Odyffeis* after the *Iliad*, I could produce several Proofs; and in the first place, 'tis certain there are many things in the *Odyffeis* which are only a Sequel of the Misfortunes one reads of in the *Iliad*, and which he has translated into this last Work as so many Episodes of the War of *Troy*; add to this, that the Accidents which happen in the *Iliad* are often lamented by the Heroes of the *Odyffeis* as things well known, and which fell out long before; and therefore the *Odyffeis* is in reality no other than an Epilogue to the *Iliad*.

*There valiant Ajax, there Achilles lies;
There too, in Wisdom equal to the Gods,
Patroclus fell, and there my dearest Son.*

Hence is it, in my Opinion, that as *Homer* compos'd his *Iliad*, when his Mind was in its full strength and vigour, the whole Body of the Poem is Dramatical and full of Action; whereas the best part of the *Odyffeis* is taken up in Narrations, which seems to be the Genius of Old Age; so that one may compare him, in this last Work, to the setting Sun, who

who still appears with the same Magnificence, but has no longer the same heat and force. In a word, he has quite lost his tone; he has no more that Sublime which marches on in one equal pace throughout the *Iliad*, and never stops or sinks; there is not to be found that variety of Turns and Passions heap'd one upon another; there is not that force, nor, if I may use the Expression, that volubility of Speech, so proper for Action, and intermixed with such a number of lively Images. It may be said, that that Piece is the reflux of his Genius, which, like the great Ocean, ebbs and deserts its Shores; at every turn he is running out into wild Notions and incredible Fables. In the mean time, I have not forgot his Descriptions of the Tempests, the Story of the Cyclops, and some other Passages which are undoubtedly very fine; but, after all, this is old Age, yet still the old Age of *Homer*; besides I must insist upon it, that in the abovementioned places there is much more of Fable and Narration than of Action.

E

I have

I have enlarged upon this Topick to shew you, as I have already said, That Genius's, naturally the most elevated, fall sometimes into the poorest Trivialities, when their force and spirit comes to be exhausted; in this rank may be placed what he says of the Bag where *Æolus* shut up the Winds, and of *Circe's* changing into Hogs the Companions of *Ulysses*, whom *Zoilus* humorously enough calls *Homer's Squeaking Pigs*. Of the same kind is that of the Pidgeons who fed *Jupiter*, *Ulysses's* Hunger, who was ten days without eating, after his Shipwreck; and all those Absurdities he recounts concerning the Murder of *Penelope's* Suitors. What farther obliged me to speak of the *Odysseis* was to convince you, That great Poets, and celebrated Writers, when they have not vigour enough left for the Pathetick, ordinarily amuse themselves in describing the Manners, which is what *Homer* does, when he sets forth the Life *Penelope's* Lovers led in the House of *Ulysses*. And, in truth, all that description is but a Species of Comedy, in which are Painted the different Characters of Men.

C H A P.

C A A P. VIII.

LET us now consider what other Method we have of rendring Discourse Sublime. I say then, that as nothing can happen, but what must naturally be attended with some Circumstances, so this must be an infallible way of arriving at the Sublime; provided we know how to make a proper choice of the most considerable ones, and by judiciously cementing them together, form them all as it were into one Body: For, on one hand, the choice of Circumstances, and on the other, the throwing them together when chosen, bear very forcibly upon the Imagination.

Thus when *Sappho* would describe the Rage of Love, she collects from all Quarters the Accidents which attend that Passion, but her dexterity appears chiefly in making choice of such as most remarkably express the Violence of it, and in artfully uniting them.

I.

*Blest as th' Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And bears and sees thee all the while
Softly Speak, and sweetly Smile.*

II.

*'Twas that depriv'd my Soul of rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast:
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.*

III.

*My Bosom glow'd: The subtil Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
On my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.*

IV.

*With dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I Fainted, Sunk, and Dy'd away.*

Are

Are you not in Admiration, to see how she accumulates all these things, the Soul, the Body, the Ear, the Tongue, the Colour, as if they were so many different Persons ready to expire? And do you not observe with how many contrary Motions or Impulses she is agitated? she Chills, she Burns; she's Foolish, she's Wise; or she's entirely out of her Wits, or she's upon the point of Death: In a word, one would say, that she was not possess'd with any one single Passion, but that her Soul was the Rendezvous of all Passions: And this indeed is what always happens to those who are in Love. Here you observe then, as I have already said, that all those great Circumstances introduced properly, and put together with judgment, are what create the main Beauty of her Poem. In like manner, when *Homer* gives us the Description of a Tempest, he takes care to express every thing which can appear Terrible in a Tempest. Not so the Author of the Poem of the *Arimaspiens*; he thinks he says very surprising things when he falls into the following Strain.

Of wond'rous things this seems to me most
strange,
That Men should lave in barren Seas to
range:
Unhappy Race, whom various Labour
tries!
The Flood employs their Thoughts, the
Stars their Eyes:
Oft to th' Immortal Gods Distress'd they
pray;
But by the Winds their Prayers are born
away.

I believe there's no Man living but might
easily discern that these Verses are rather
Florid than Sublime. Let us see then
how *Homer* manages the matter, and
consider the following Passage, among
others.

So when a Tempest rises in the Main,
The Wind-swol'n Waves impetuously rush
Furious, upon the lab'ring Bark, all bid
In a white Sea of Foam; the strong-lung'd
East
Roars in the Sails and bellows round the
Mast:

The

*The Mariners with shivering Horror
quake,
And scarce, but scarce elude th' impending
Wreck.*

Aratus has endeavour'd to refine upon
the last Verse.

————— *there only stood,
'Twixt them and Death a slender piece of
Wood.*

But in giving that turn to the Thought, Terrible as it was before, he has rendred it Low and Florid; and then confining all the Danger within these words, *a slender piece of Wood*, he rather diminishes and sets it at a distance, than augments it. But *Homer* does not content himself to place barely before one's Eyes, once for all, the Danger of the Mariners; he represents them as in a Picture, upon the very point of being overwhelm'd by every Wave that rises, and imprints in every Word and Syllable an Image of Danger. *Archilochus* has made use of the same Method in the Description of the Shipwreck. And *Demosthenes* in his Discourse concerning the Trouble of the

Athenians, upon the News of the Capture of *Elateum*, where he says, *it grew late*. For they have only pick'd and cull'd, if I may so say, and carefully put together the most considerable Circumstances, taking care, at the same time, not to insert any low and superfluous Particularities, or such as favour of the School. In truth, to dwell too much upon little Things, spoils all, and is like heaping so much Rubbish and Stones one upon another, in order to build a House.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

AMONG all the Methods we have been speaking of, which contribute to the *Sublime*, we ought to admit what they commonly call *Amplification*: For when the Nature of the Subject one treats, or of the Causes one defends, requires Periods longer than ordinary, and composed of more Clauses, one may so rise by degrees, that one Word shall constantly refine upon another. And this Art may be very useful, either for enlarging upon any Passage of a Discourse, or for exaggerating, or for confirming, or placing Fact in a clear light, or for managing a Passion. In short, *Amplification* is to be divided into an infinite number of Species; but an Orator ought to know, that not one of those Species can be perfect if it has not the *Sublime*; unless when one endeavours to move Pity, or when one would depreciate any thing. In all other respects, if you take from *Amplification* what it has of *Sublime* you pull, If I may so express myself, the Soul

Soul from the Body. In a word, It no sooner becomes destitute of that Support, but it languishes and looses all its Force and Power of moving. Lastly, for clearness-sake, let's examine, in few Words, what difference there is between this and that we mention'd in the preceeding Chapter, which, as I before observ'd, was no other than a Collection of Circumstances, chosen and put together judiciously. We may consider likewise, how *Amplification* differs in general from the Grand or Sublime.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

I can by no means approve of the Definition which Rhetoricians usually give it; *Amplification*, say they, is a Discourse which augments and aggrandizes Things. This Definition agrees full as well with the Sublime, the Pathetic, or the Figurative; since they all give Discourse I know not what Character of Grandeur. But, nevertheless, there is a great deal of difference; and in the first place, *Sublime* consists in Elevation, whereas *Amplification* consists also in a multitude of Words. Hence is it, that *Sublime* is frequently found in a simple Thought, but *Amplification* cannot subsist without Pomp and Copiousness. *Amplification*, to give a general Idea of it, is an additional Encrease of Words, that may be drawn from all the particular Circumstances of Things, and from all parts of an Oration, and which fills and fortifies a Discourse by insisting upon what has been already said. It differs from Proof in this, the one being

ing employ'd to evince the Question, the other serving only to extend and exaggerate.

There is much the same Difference, in my Opinion, between *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, with regard to the Sublime; if you will give us *Grecians* leave to judge of the Works of a *Latin* Author, *Demosthenes* is Sublime, in that he is close and concise; *Cicero*, in that he is diffused and extensive. The former, by reason of the Violence, Rapidity and Force, with which he ravages and bears all before him, may be compared to Tempest and Thunder; of the latter, I think one may say, that, like a great Conflagration, he devours and consumes all he meets, with a Fire which is never extinguish'd, which he exerts variously in his Works, and which in proportion to the Advances he makes, continually gathers new Strength. But you are able to judge much better of this than myself. As for the rest, the Sublimity of *Demosthenes* is undoubtedly most valuable in warm Exaggerations and violent Passions, or when the Audience is to be astonished; on the contrary, the
copi-

copious manner is preferable, when one has a mind, if I may use the Term, to diffuse a gentle agreeable Dew over the Spirits: The diffusive Stile is likewise much most proper for Tracts of Places, Perorations, Digressions and most Discourses in general, that are of the demonstrative Kind, as also for History, Treatises of Physic, and other Writings of the same Nature.

CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

TO to return to what we were speaking of, *Plato* whose manner, tho' gentle and easie, is not the less Sublime, has given us an Idea of this sort of Stile, of which you cannot be Ignorant, if you have read his Book concerning a Commonwealth, where he has the following Words. *These unfortunate Men, says he, who have no Notions of Wisdom and Vertue, who are continually immers'd in their Revels and Debauches, still go on from worse to worse, and err all their Lives long ; They have never lifted up their Eyes to behold the Rays of Truth ; they have never seen her Attractions and Charms ; nor ever tasted pure and solid Pleasure. They are as Beasts, that still look downwards, and bend toward the Earth : All their Thoughts terminate in Eating, Drinking, and the Satisfaction of their Brutal Passions : And these they are so eager of indulging, that they carry their Contentions about them, to the last Extremity, and so*
perish

perish in the End, through their insatiable Appetites.

This Philosopher has also pointed out another Path, which, if carefully followed, will conduct us to the Sublime; viz. the Imitation of those illustrious Men, the Poets and Orators, who have lived before us: This is a Scope which we ought always to keep within our View.

There are undoubtedly Men who are transported, as it were, out of themselves, by a Spirit not their own, in the same manner as the *Pythian* Priestess is said to be possessed, as she stands upon the sacred Tripod, when, as they report, the Earth opens, and sends forth an all-celestial Vapour, which immediately fills her with Divinity, and empowers her to pronounce the sacred Oracles: Thus the Excellencies and Beauties, which we observe in the Works of the Ancients, are as so many Divine Fountains, from whence arise those happy Exhalations, that diffuse themselves through the Souls of their Imitators, and so animate the Souls even of those who are naturally less

less vigorous, that from that Moment they glow with the Warmth of other Men, and seem to inherit their Transports. Thus we see, that *Herodotus*, and before him, *Stesichorus* and *Archilochus*, were great Imitators of *Homer*; but *Plato* is the Man of all, who has imitated him most, having derived from that Poet, as from a living Well, an infinite number of Streams and Rivulets, of which I might produce various Examples; but *Ammonius* has done it already.

Nor ought this to be look'd upon as a Theft, but rather as a beautiful Idea, which a Man has form'd upon the Morals, the Invention, and the Work of another. It is indeed my Opinion, that *Plato* had never been able to have introduced so many noble Strokes into his Philosophical Treaties, passing, as he does, from Simple Discourse, to Poetical Flights and Expressions, had he not come in the nature of a Combatant to dispute with all his power the Prize with *Homer*, viz. with one who had already received the Applauses of the whole World: for tho' he seems perhaps to do this with

too much fervency, and, as it is said, *Sword in Hand*, yet is it of no small Advantage to him, since, as *Hesiod* has it,

By noble Emulation Men improve.

And, is it not in reality a very glorious Thing, and worthy of a great Soul, to engage in the Cause of Honour and Conquest with those who have preceded us, in a Cause wherein it will be no Discredit to us to be vanquished?

F. CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

AS often then as we set upon a Work which requires the Sublime it would not be unprofitable to make these or the like Reflexions. How would *Homer* have expressed this? What would *Plato*, *Demosthenes*, or, if matter of History, *Thucydides* have done to have rendred the Stile Sublime in this place? These great Men, whom we propose to our imitation, presenting themselves in this manner to our Imagination, serve as a Light to us, and raise the Soul almost as high, as is the Idea we conceive of them. These Considerations would be yet more forcible, if we further reflected within ourselves, what *Homer* or *Demosthenes* would think of what we are now saying, if they heard us, and what Judgment they would probably pass upon us: We should not imagin we were contending for an ordinary Prize, could we seriously possess ourselves with the thought, that we were going to submit our Writings to so illustrious a Tribunal, and to expose them upon a Theatre, where such
Heroes

Heroes were to be our Judges and Auditors. But the most great and powerful Incentive of all is, to consider what Judgment Posterity will form upon our Labours; for, if a Man is so distrustful of himself, as to think he's incapable of writing any thing that may exceed that Term of Years, by which his own Life and Age are circumscrib'd, all he produces will be Blind, Abortive, and Imperfect, nor will he ever give himself the trouble of laying the Finishing-Hand to those Works, which he does not write with an Intention of transmitting to future Ages.

C H A P. XIII.

THERE are other Images, my Illustrious young Friend, by some call'd Paintings, or Fictions, which are also of great use to give Discourse Pomp, Magnificence, and Weight. The Word Image, is taken in general for every Thought that is proper to produce an Expression, and that creates in the Mind a Picture of somewhat, be it in what manner it will. But it is yet received in a more particular and confined Sense, for those Discourses we make, when through any extraordinary transport of Mind we seem to view the things we speak of, and when we place them in their full Light, before those who hear us.

Here it must be understood, That the Images in Rhetoric are entirely of a different use from those in Poësie: In Poësie, they are designed to astonish and surprisè; In Prose, to paint things naturally, and place them in clear views: There is nevertheless this in common, that

that they have a Tendency to move both in the one and the other.

*O Mother! drive those hideous Spectres
hence:*

*See, see, they come: Heavens! How
they stare!*

*Blood in their Eyes, and Dragons in their
Hair!*

Again,

*Now, now, I'm Murder'd: Whither shall
I fly?*

The Poet in this place did not really see the Furies, but yet gave such a lively Image of them, that, in a manner, he made the Audience see them. And, indeed, tho' I cannot well say, *Euripides* is so happy in expressing the other Passions, yet as for those of Love and Rage, they are what he particularly studied, and has succeeded very well in: Upon other Occasions likewise, he is sometimes bold enough in Description; for tho' he does not seem to be naturally form'd for the Sublime, he corrects his Genius and forces it up, as it were, to the Tragical

and Lofty ; so that one may apply those Verses of the Poet to him,

*Thus with his whirling Tail the bristled
Boar
Lashes his Sides, and works himself to
Rage.*

As is observable in that Passage, where Sol, as he is putting the Reins into Phaeton's Hands, speaks to him, as follows,

*Touck not, my Boy, upon the Lybic Sky ;
The Air's too scorching, and the Clime too
dry.*

And again,

*Close to the Pleiades your Course incline,
T'ou Seven refulgent Stars, see where they
shine !
Here the mad Youth to loose the Reins
began,
And lash'd his wing'd Steeds ; swift the
Chariot ran
Thro' Heav'n's expanded Plains ; th' In-
dulent God
Behind him on the Back of Sirius rode,*

Still

*Still pointing out his Course with wary
fear,
Softly, my Child; that's dang'rous, this
way steer.*

Would not one say, That the Poet's Soul
mounts the Chariot with *Phaeton*, that
he partakes in all his Dangers, and ac-
companies the Horses in their Airy
Flight? For, did he not pursue them
thro' the Heavens, were he not present
at all that passed, how could he possibly
describe things as he does? Such also is
that Passage in his *Cassandra*, which be-
gins,

Ye warlike Trojans, &c.

Aeschylus has also some Images truly No-
ble and Heroical, as may be seen in his
Tragedy, entituled, *The Seven Chiefs
before Thebes*,

————— *Seven valiant Chiefs,
Upon a brazen Shield a Victim slain,
Their Hands in reeking Gore relentless
slain,*

*And by Bellone and Mars Revenge they
swear
Revenge, by all the Gods of Terror, Wrath
and War.*

They Barbarously and without Mercy, (he goes on,) take an Oath for their own Destruction. Now, as this Poet, thro' too strong an ambition for the Sublime, too often falls into rude, gross, and uncultivated Thoughts; so *Euripides*, by a noble Emulation, sometimes exposes himself to the same Danger. As for example, In *Æschylus*, the Palace of *Lycurgus* becomes enraged at the sight of *Bacchus*.

*The Dome resounds and the whole Palace
roars.*

Euripides employs the same Thought, but differently, and with a softer Turn.

*The Mountain answers to their Cries in
Groans.*

Sophocles is no less excellent for Description, as may be seen in that which he has left us of the Death of *Œdipus*, and his Burying himself alive in the midst of
a pro

a prodigious Tempest ; as also, in that Passage, where he describes the Ghost of *Achilles* upon his own Monument, at the very Moment the *Greeks* were going to weigh Anchor. But yet, I doubt very much, as to that Apparition, whether any Body has given a more lively Description of it than *Simonides*: But there would be no end of producing Examples upon this Occasion,

To return to what we were saying, Poetical Images are for the most part full of fabulous Accidents, and such as are utterly incredible: Whereas in Rhetoric the Beauty of Images consists in representing the Thing as it happen'd, and such as it is in reality. Poetical and Fabulous Invention in Orations, would necessarily carry along with it rude and impertinent Digressions, and lead into the last Absurdity; yet this is what our modern Orators are fond of; they sometimes see Furies too, these great Orators, as well as the Tragic Poets. But the quaint Gentlemen are not aware, that when *Orestes* says,

O God.

O Goddess, O my dire Tormentress cease
At length thy Cruelties ! Thou bind'st me
round,
To throw me headlong to th' Infernal Gulf

He only imagines he fees these things, because he is out of his Senses. What then is the Effect of Images in Rhetoric? Why, among other things, they animate and keep up warmth in a Discourse, so that being artfully interwoven with the Reasonings, they do not only persuade, but, in a manner, overcome the Hearer. If one Man, says the Orator, bears a great Disturbance before the Palace, and another at the same time comes to tell him, that the Prisons are broke open, and the Prisoners of War making their escape; there is no Old Man so burden'd with Years, no Young Man so negligent and lazy, but makes all the haste he's able to bring Succour. But if, in the midst of all this, any one points out the Author of the Disorder, the Wretch is gone, he perishes upon the Spot, and has not time allow'd him to speak.

Hype-

Hyperides makes use of the same piece of Skill in an Oration, wherein he gives an account of the Ordinance he published, after the defeat of *Charonea*, that the Slaves should be set at Liberty. *It is not, says he, the Orator, that has made this Law pass; 'tis the Battle; 'tis the defeat of Charonea.* At the same time, that he evinces the thing by reason, he gives you an Image, by the force of which, he goes further than meerly persuading or proving : For, as we are naturally intent upon that which is most dazzling and amazing, the Minds of the Auditors are easily carried away by the Image, which is presented to them in the midst of the Argument, and which striking upon their Imagination, hinders them from looking so nearly into the Strength of the Proofs, by reason of that surprizing Lustre which brightens and encompasses the Discourse. Nor is it at all extraordinary, that this should have such an Effect upon us, since it is certain, that of two Bodies mixed together, that which is the strongest always attracts to itself the Vertue and Power of the other. But we have now said enough
of

of the Sublime, which consists in the Thoughts, and which proceeds, as I have observ'd, either from a superiority of Genius, from Imitation, or from Images,

C H A P. XIV.

THE next thing we are to speak of, in pursuit of the Method we have prescribed ourselves, is the Figures; for, as I have before observed, they do not constitute the least part of the Sublime, provided they have a proper turn given them. But 'twere a Work of too great extent, not to say endless, to take an exact Survey of all Figures, that may be made to bear a place in Discourse. For this reason we shall content ourselves with running over a few of the principal ones, *viz.* those which contribute most to the Sublime; and this chiefly to convince you that

that we have advanced nothing but what is strictly true. When *Demosthenes* was about to justify his Conduct, and persuade the *Athenians*, that they did not do amiss in giving *Philip* Battle; What had been the most natural way of expressing himself upon that Head? He might have said, You have not been mistaken, Countrymen, in exposing your Lives for the liberty and safety of *Greece*; You are not without the most illustrious Examples for so doing; for who can say, that those great Men were mistaken, who fought for the same Cause in the Plains of *Marathon*, at *Salamin*, and before *Platea*? But he gives it a quite different turn, and all of a sudden, as if he were inspired with the God, and possessed with the Spirit of *Apollo*, he flies out in the name of those valiant Defenders of their Country, and says, No, no, my Countrymen, you have not done amiss; you have not, I swear it by the Ghosts of those great Men, who fought for the same Cause, in the Plains of *Marathon*. By this single form of an Oath, which I here term an *Apostrophe*, he deifies the ancient Citizens he is speaking of, and shews, in effect, that all those who die
in

in that manner, ought to be regarded as Gods, by whose Names Men ought to swear; he inspires his Judges with the Spirit and Sentiments of those illustrious Dead, and by changing the natural Air of Proof into this Great and Pathetic manner of Affirmation by Oaths, so new, so worthy, and surprizing, he infuses into their Minds, a kind of Antidote and Counterpoison to all ill Impressions: He raises their Courage by Encomiums. In a word, he convinces them, that they ought to entertain no less opinion of the Battle they lost against *Philip*, than of the Victories they won at *Marathon* and *Salamina*; and thus by so many different Methods, all compriz'd in one Figure, draws them over to his side. But there are some who pretend, that the original of this Oath is taken from *Eupolis*, where he says,

*He shall not smile, who causes Grief to me;
I swear it by my Fight at Marathon.*

But there's no great matter of Beauty in simple Swearing: It must be consider'd, when, how, upon what occasion, and for what reason it is done. Now in
this

this Passage of the Poet, there is nothing at all but a bare Oath, for he speaks to the *Athenians* in their Prosperity, and at a time when they had no need of Consolation. Add to this, that in the Oath before us, he does not swear, like *Demosthenes*, by Men, whom he renders immortal, nor seems in the least sollicitous to create in the Minds of the *Athenians* Sentiments worthy of the Vertue of their Ancestors: But instead of Swearing by the Names of those who had fought, he triflingly Swears by an inanimate thing, viz. the Fight. On the contrary, in *Demosthenes* this Oath directly tends to revive Courage in the vanquish'd *Athenians*, and to prevent their looking upon the Battle of *Cheronea* hereafter as a Misfortune: Insomuch, that by this one Figure, as I have already taken notice, he proves from Reason, that they did not do amiss; he furnishes them with a Precedent; he confirms that Precedent by an Oath; he makes them an Encomium, and urges them on to the War against *Philip*.

But whereas it might be answer'd to our Orator, our present Business regards
the

the Battle we have lost against *Philip*, during the time you had the administration of the Affairs of the Commonwealth, and you Swear to us by the Victories which our Forefathers won : In order therefore to proceed safely, he is very cautious in the regulation of his Words, and makes use of none but such as are of advantage to him, shewing thereby, that even the most exquisite Transports must be guided with Prudence and Discretion. In speaking then of the Victories of their Ancestors, he says, *Those who fought by Land at Marathon, and by Sea at Salamin ; those who gave Battle near Artemisa and Plateæ :* He avoids saying, those who conquer'd ; he is silent as to the Event, which had been as fortunate in those Engagements, at it was fatal at *Cheronee*, and is beforehand with his Audience by proceeding thus : *All those in general, O Æschines, who fell in those Conflicts, were buried at the expence of the Commonwealth, and not only those whose Valour was seconded by their good Fortune.*

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

WE come now briefly to explain an Observation I have made, and that is, that if Figures, on the one hand, naturally support the Sublime, the Sublime, on the other, wonderfully supports Figures: But how and when is the thing to be spoke to.

In the first place 'tis plain, that a Discourse, which is altogether and meerly Figurative, is liable, of course, to be suspected of Design and Artifice; especially if it be directed to a Judge who has the Power to absolve or condemn, or to a Tyrant, Prince, or General of an Army. For such a one naturally conceives a certain Indignation against an Orator, and can never bear that a puny Rhetorician should take it into his Head, to impose a gross and palpable Cheat upon him, as if he were a Child. Then again, imagining that these artificial Harangues carry in them a contempt of himself, 'tis probable he may be utterly disgusted at once, and tho' he bridle in his Resentments

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ments and suffer himself, in some measure, to be mollified with the seeming agreeableness of the Discourse, yet shall he entertain the strongest Aversion to the believing any thing that shall be said to him. For this reason there is no Figure so excellent as that which is entirely conceal'd, and which one shall not apprehend to be a Figure at all: Now there is no way in the World so truly effectual for the concealing of it, as the making use of the Sublime and Pathetic: For, when Art is shut up, and, as it were, distinguished in the midst of things so great and dazzling, it has all it wants, and can no longer be subject to a suspicion of Deceit. I can produce no better Instance, than that I have already reported: *I swear it by the Ghosts of those great Men, &c.* How well does the Orator conceal the Figure he makes use of here, by the brightness and splendor of his Thought? As lesser Lights vanish when the Sun shines forth, so all these little Subtilties of Rhetoric disappear at the sight of the Sublime, which surrounds them on all sides. The same thing, or somewhat not very distant from it, is to be observ'd in Painting, where,

where, when several things are drawn at due distances upon the same Plan, and the Lights and Shades regularly placed, the Lightsome is what naturally presents itself to the View first, and seems, as it were, to advance out of the Canvass, and approach towards us: In the same manner the Sublime and Pathetic, whether it be from that natural Affinity they bear to the secret Springs of the Soul, or their own inherent Brightness, appear most conspicuous, and seem to affect the Mind in a far greater degree than Figures, whose Art they conceal, and which they cast in Shades.

C H A P. XVI.

WHAT shall we say of Questions and Interogations? Or can any thing give more force and vehemence to an Oration, than those sorts of Figures? *Will you never, says Demosthenes to the Athenians, leave off rambling o'er the City, to enquire of one another, what News there is? Why, know you not the News? A Man of Macedo Lords it over*

G 2 Athens,

Athens, and gives Law to Greece. Is Philip Dead? says one. No, replies another, but he is Sick: Why, pray Gentlemen, what is it to you, whether he be alive or dead? When Heaven shall have delivered you from one Philip, you yourselves will soon make another. And in another place; Let us embark for Macedonia; but where, say you, shall we Land? The War itself, Gentlemen, will shew you where Philip is to be conquer'd. Had he told the thing in a simple plain manner, his Discourse had not been at all answerable to the dignity of the Affair he was speaking of; whereas, by this excellent and vehement manner of making Interrogations, and answering himself, as if it were another Person, he not only renders what he says more forcible and strong, but more plausible and likely. Then the Pathetic no where moves so much, as when the Orator does not appear to affect it, but it seems to arise naturally from the Occasion before him; nor is there any thing represents the Passions so well as these sort of Questions and Interrogations, for those one puts them to, naturally feel a certain Emotion, which precipitately hurries them on to give an immediate

AN-

Answer, and tell what they know of the Truth, even before you have finished the Question. So that by this Figure the Auditors are dextrously deceived, and take the most premeditated Discourse for things spoken extempore and begot in Warmth. There is yet another thing which gives great vehemence to Discourse, and that is, the removing the Connections: A Discourse which is not tied and embarrassed, marches along, and runs, as it were, of itself; nay, seems sometimes to go swifter than the very Thought of the Orator. *Having blended their Shields with one another, says Xenophon, they were Pushed, they Combated, they Kill'd, they Died.* Such also are those Words of Eurilochus to Ulysses in Homer.

We went by your Commands, thro' every Dale,

We found fair Circe's Mansion in a Vale,

These Periods thus curtailed, and yet pronounced with Precipitation, are the Marks of a lively Sorrow, which at the same time that it forces him to speak, is an Obstruction to his Speech.

C H A P. XVII.

THERE is not any thing of greater force to move, than the conjoining of several Figures together; for when two or three are thus blended, entering by that means into a sort of Society, they communicate their respective Force, Beauty, and Ornament one to another. As may be observ'd in this Passage of *Demosthenes's* Oration against *Medias*, wherein, at the same time that he takes away the connecting Particles, he joins together the Figures of Repetition and Description. *Every Man*, says our Orator, *who abuses another, does many things by his Gesture, by his Eyes, by his Voice, which 'tis impossible for him who has been so abused to describe.* And then, for fear the Discourse should flag in the Sequel, and knowing very well, that as Order is the property of a composed sedate Spirit, so Disorder is the mark of Passion and Emotion in the Soul, he goes on to pursue the same diversity of Figure. *Sometimes*, says he, *he strikes him as an Enemy, sometimes insults him,*
some-

sometimes with his Hands, sometimes upon his Face. By this violence of Words, thus confusedly thrown one upon another the Orator moves and affects the Judges, no less than if they had seen the Man abused in their own presence. He returns to the Charge and goes on like a Tempest. *These Affronts are Provoking; These Affronts make a Man of Spirit, and who is not used to Injuries, directly Mad: No Words can express the Enormity of such an Action.* By such a continual Change he preserves, thro' the whole, the Spirit and Character of those turbulent Figures; insomuch that there is in his Regularity a kind of Disorder: And, on the contrary, wonderful Regularity in his Disorder. For proof of what I am saying, put, if you please, the Connections to this Passage, as the Scholars of *Isocrates* are used to do. *And indeed it must not be forgot, that he who abuses another, does many things, in the first place by his Gesture, afterwards by his Eyes, and in the last place, by his very Voice, &c.* Now by smoothing and laying every thing upon a level, as it were, by means of these connecting Particles, you see, how from a Pathetic, Violent and Lofty manner,

you would sink into a poor Preciseness of Expression, that has neither Life nor Soul, and that all the force of your Oration would soon be extinguished of itself: To bind the Limbs of a Man who runs, were to take away all his Strength and Speed; In like manner, to embarrass a Passion with these Particles, and unuseful Connections, is to impose a Restraint upon the Oration, take from it the freedom of its Course, and utterly destroy the native Impetuosity and Vehemence by which it march'd like an Arrow darted out of a Machine.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVIII.

AMONG other Figures, we must admit *Hyperbatons*: The *Hyperbaton* is no other than a Transposition of Thoughts or Words out of the natural Order and Method of Discourse: And this Figure naturally implies real violence and strength of Passion. For instance, observe all those who are moved with Anger, Fear, Vexation, Jealousie, or any other Passion whatever, for there is no numbring them, and their Minds you will see are under a continual Agitation; no sooner have they form'd one Design, but they enter upon another, and in the midst of that, proposing somewhat new to themselves, that is neither rational nor consistent, they frequently come back again to their first Resolution: Passion in them is like a fickle inconstant Wind, which hurries them about, and makes them incessantly veer from one side to another; so that in this perpetual flux and reflux of opposite Sentiments they change their Thoughts and Language every Minute, and neither observe Order nor Method in their Discourse.

Skill.

Skilful Writers therefore, to express these turns of Nature, make use of *Hyperbatons*. And, to say truth, Art is never in a more high degree of perfection, than when she resembles Nature so nearly, that one takes her for Nature itself: nor does Nature ever succeed so well, as when Art is couch'd under her.

We find a very beautiful Instance of this sort of Transposition in *Herodotus*, where *Denys*, the *Phocian*, speaks in this manner to the *Ionians*; *In short your Affairs are reduced to the last Extremity, ye Men of Ionia, we must of necessity either be Free-Men or Slaves, and that miserable Slaves: If then ye would avoid the Misfortunes which threaten you, you must without delay embrace Labour and Hardship, and accomplish your Liberty by the defeat of your Enemies.* If he would have followed the natural Method, he must have spoken in this manner; *O ye Men of Ionia, now is the time for us to embrace Labour and Hardship, for in short our Affairs are reduced to the last Extremity.* In the first place 'tis observable, he here transposes the Words, *ye Men of Ionia*, and does not insert them till he had cast Terror into their Minds, as if the greatness of

of the Danger had made him forget, in the beginning of the Discourse, that civility that was due to those he spoke to: Afterwards he inverts the order of the Thoughts; for, before he exhorts them to Labour, which is yet his Scope, he gives them the reason which ought to encourage them to it, *In short, our Affairs are reduced to the last Extremity.* To the end his Discourse might not seem premeditated, but the present Effect of Passion. *Thucydides* has also very remarkable *Hyperbatons*, and is admirably skilful in transposing things which seem united by Nature, and which one would think could not possibly be separated.

Demosthenes is very sparing of these Figures; but, as for *Thucydides*, no Man ever displayed them in such profusion; he even surfeits his Readers with them; for in a Passion, wherein he would make all he says appear Extemporary, he never fails to lead his Audience thro' dangerous Windings and long Transpositions: 'tis very often that he suspends his first Thought, as if he purposely affected Disorder, and intermingling in the midst of his Discourse, several different Matters which he frequently goes in search for, tho'

tho' foreign to the Subject, puts his Reader in pain for him, and makes of force Interest himself in the Danger wherein he fancies he sees the Orator: Then all of a sudden, and when one least expects it, falling pertinently into what had been so long waited for, by such a Transposition equally Bold and Dangerous he affects us much more than if he had observ'd Order in his Words. There are so many Instances to be produced for what I am saying, that I shall excuse myself the trouble of relating them.

C H A P. XIX.

THE same thing may be said of those Figures which are commonly called *Polyptotes*, such as Collections, Gradations, and all those others, which, as you very well know, carrying in them extreme force and vehemence may be consequently very serviceable to the adorning

ing of Discourse, and be contributing various ways to the Pathetic and Sublime. But what shall we say of the changes of Case, Tense, Person, Number, and Gender? Every Man must see how proper they all are to diversify and reanimate the Diction. To instance only in the change of Number, in such, whose Termination is Singular, but which have in Effect the force and vertue of Plurals. *Immediately a vast multitude running to the Sea-side they made the Shores resound with their Cries.* These Singulars are the rather worthy Observation, because sometimes there is nothing more Magnificent than Plurals. Such are these Words of *Œdipus* in *Sophocles*.

*Wedlock, damn'd Wedlock, thou first
gavest me Life,
Thou to the selfsame Womb, where I was
laid
Return'st the Seed of which I first was made,
Producing thence promiscuous Fathers,
Brothers,
With Husbands, Sons, and Daughters,
Wives, and Mothers;
And all the horrible incestuous Brood
That can arise from mingling humane
Blood.*

All

All these different Names mean but one Person, that is, *Œdipus* on the one hand, and his Mother *Iocasta* on the other. But nevertheless, by extending and multiplying the Number in so many different Plurals he seems to aggravate in a great Measure the Misfortunes of *Œdipus*. The Poet makes use of the same *Pléonasm*, where he says,

There rose up Hector and Sarpedon too.

The same may be said of that Passage of *Plato*, which relates to the *Athenians*, and which I have quoted in another place. For no *Pelops's*, *Cadmus's*, *Egyptians*, or *Danaus's*, no Men of barbarous Origin dwell with us; we are all *Grecians*; we have no Commerce or Intercourse with *Barbarians*, but all inhabit the same City. All these Plurals accumulated one upon another make us conceive a much greater Idea of the things they express. But great care must be taken to do this only where 'tis proper, and in those places where 'tis necessary to Amplify, or Multiply, or Exaggerate, and that too in Passion; that is to say, when the Subject will admit of one or more of these things. But to be continually ringing these Bells smells too strong of the *Sophistical*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

PLURALS, in like manner, may be reduced into Singulars, which has also somewhat very great in it. *All Peloponesus, says Demosthenes, was at that time divided into Factions.* And *Herodotus; When the Tragedy of Phrynicus, entitled, The Capture of Miletum, was acted, the whole Theatre dissolv'd into Tears.* The comprising many things in one, after this manner, gives a Body to Discourse. As for the rest, I take it, that, ordinarily speaking, 'tis the same reason that gives Value to both these Figures. For whether by changing Singulars into Plurals, of one thing you make many; or by changing a Plural into a Singular, with an agreeable sound, of many, you make but one, such an unexpected change is still a sign of Passion.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

IT is the same thing in the change of Time, that is when one speaks of a thing past, as if it were transacting at the present: because 'tis then no longer a Relation which you make; 'tis an Action, which is doing at that Instant. *A Soldier, says Xenophon, falling under Cyrus's Horse, and being kick'd, runs his Sword thro' the Horse's Belly; the wounded Horse flounces, and shakes off his Master; Cyrus tumbles. This Figure is very frequent in Thucidides.*

C H A P. XXII.

THE change of Persons is no less Pathetical; for it often makes the Hearer imagin himself in the midst of Danger. Such is this of *Homer*.

*They held the Fight so resolute and fierce,
You'd swear, no Edge of Steel their Limbs
could pierce,
No Toil subdue their Spirits. —*

And

And this of *Aratus*:

Trust not the Seas in this Tempestuous Month.

It is observable likewise in *Herodotus*. When you are gone out from the City, *Elephantina*, says that Historian, you march gradually up to an Eminence; from thence you descend into a Plain; when you have crossed that, you may embark again, and arrive in twelve Days at the great City which is call'd *Meroe*. You see, my dear *Terentianus*, how he carries you along with him, and conducts you thro' all these different Countries, rather presenting them to your Sight than your Ear. All these things, when pertinently applied, influence the Hearer, and keep his Mind intent upon the present Action, especially if the Discourse be not directed to many in general, but to one in particular.

*But on which Part the brave Tydides fought
You'd scarce discern. —*

By awakening your Auditor with these Apostrophes you render him more Vigilant, more Attentive, more full of the thing of which you are speaking.

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CHAP.

C H A P. XXIII.

IT sometimes happens, that a Writer speaking of another Person, all of a sudden puts himself in his place, and acts his part : which Figure shews Impetuosity of Passion.

*But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud,
To leave the Bloody Spoil, and bend their
Force
Against the Grecian Fleet : For, by the
Gods,
The Man, whom I shall plund'ring find,
I strike
That Moment Dead. —*

The Poet here reserves the narrative part to himself as what most properly belongs to him, and all unexpectedly puts that precipitate Menace into the Mouth of his Hero. The Discourse would have sunk, had he added, *Hector* said these or the like Words, whereas by this sudden Transition he outruns the Reader ; nay, the Transition seems to have been made even before the Poet himself was aware of it. The proper place then, to make use of

of this Figure is, when the time presses, and the Occasion that offers admits of no delay, when 'tis immediately necessary to pass from one Person to another. As in these Words of *Hecateus*. *The Herald having duly weigh'd the Consequence of things, commands the Descendants of the Heraclides to retire: I am no longer able to protect you; I might as well be out of the World; you are undone, and you will soon force me myself to fly to some other People for Refuge.* Demosthenes, in his Oration against *Aristogitus* has made use of the same Figure, in a different manner indeed, but with extreme force and pathos. *And is there not to be found among you, says the Orator, one whose Heart burns with Indignation and Resentment, to see an audacious, an infamous Wretch commit violence on all things sacred? A Villain, who — O thou most flagitious of Men, can nothing restrain thy unbridled Impudence? I do not say these Gates, I do not say these Iron-Bars, for those another Man might break through.* The Orator, you there see, leaves his Thought imperfect; his Anger keeps him in suspense, and divided upon a word, between two different Persons, *A Villain, who — O thou most flagitious of Men.* Then by immediately turning

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ing against *Aristogitus*, the Discourse he seem'd to have dropped, he affects infinitely more, and makes a much stronger Impression than he would otherwise have done. Of the same nature is that passionate Speech of *Penelope* in *Homer*, where she meets the Herald from her Suitors.

*Herald, what is it my proud Suitors ask?
Dismiss you now the Servants from their
Task,*

*And bring Directions for a new repast?
Grant me, great Jove, that this may prove
their last;*

*May they nor Court, nor taste Regalement
more,*

*You, who consume Telemachus's Store;
What have your Fathers never told you this,
How great, how gallant my Ulysses is?*

CHAP.

C A A P. XXIV.

There is no body, I believe, but will agree, that the *Periphrasis* may be of great use in *Sublime*; for as in Musick the principal Sound is render'd more sweet and agreeable to the Ear, when accompanied with those different Sounds or Parts which answer to it; so the *Periphrasis* often forms a certain consonance and harmony very beautiful in Discourse, by the peculiar relation which every part of it bears to the main thing, or the chief and proper Expression; especially if the whole be justly laid, and nothing inconsistent or extravagant appear in it. Plato has furnish'd us with a fine Instance of this in the beginning of his Funeral Oration. In short, says he, we have paid the last Offices to them, and now they set forward upon the Voyage of Mortality, and march on surrounded with all that magnificence with which the whole City in general, and their Parents in particular, have conducted them out of this World. In the first place, he terms Death the *Voyage of Mortality*; afterwards he speaks of the last Offices which

had been rendred unto the Dead, as a public Solemnity, which their Country had purposely prepared to conduct them out of this Life. Now, shall we say all these things contribute but little to the elevating of the Thoughts? Or has he not wound up a naked simple Diction into a kind of concert and harmony, by means of this *Periphrasis*, so melodiously diffused thro' the Discourse? Thus *Xenophon* also: *You look upon Labour as the only thing which can lead you to a happy and delightful Life; but what is yet the greatest Ornament of all, what most becomes you as warlike Men, you are not so sensibly affected with any thing as Praise.* Instead of saying, *You apply yourselves to Labour*, he makes use of this Expression, *You look upon Labour to be the sole guide which can conduct you to a happy Life.* By thus enlarging upon things, he not only renders his Thought greater, but heightens the Encomium. But of all others, this *Periphrasis* of *Herodotus* seems to me most inimitable: *The Goddess Venus, to revenge herself upon the Insolence of the Scythians, who had plunder'd her Temple, sent a Disease among them which made Women of them,*

To conclude, There is 'nothing of more extensive use than the *Periphrasis*, provided one does not display it upon all Occasions, without Judgment or Moderation; for then it immediately languishes, and has in it I know not what course and trifling. It is for this reason, that *Plato*, who is ever figurative in his Expressions, and sometimes a little improperly, in the Opinion of some, has been rallied for having said in his Republic; *The riches of Gold and Silver, must not be suffered to take footing and inhabit in a City.* If he had had a mind, say they, to have introduced the possession of Cattel, he might have said, with as good reason, *The riches of Beef and Mutton.*

What has been said, is in general sufficient to shew the use of Figures, as far as they regard the *Sublime*, it being certain, that they all serve to animate and give *pathos* to Discourse. The *Pathetic* participates of the *Sublime* in the same measure as the *Sublime* does of the *Beautiful* and *Agreeable*.

C H A P. XXV.

SINCE the Thought and Phrase generally explain one another, 'twill be worth while to see what there is observable in that part of Writing which regards the Expression. There are few can be suppos'd to be ignorant what moving Charms and Engagements arise from the judicious choice of a proper and noble Diction; and therefore it were but useless to dwell long upon it. There is nothing, perhaps, from whence Orators, and all sorts of Writers in general, who study to be Sublime, draw more of Grandeur, Elegance, Delicacy, Force, and Vigour in their Works, than from such a choice of Words. In short, Beautiful Expression is the natural and true Light of our Thoughts; 'tis this to which we owe all those Excellencies in Discourse, and which gives things a kind of vocal Life and Spirit. But then, on the other hand, to be continually affecting Tumor and a vain ostentation of
Words

Words is unpardonable; for to express things of a low nature in great magnificent Terms, is much the same as if one should put an enormous theatrical Mask upon the Face of a little Child. *Cicilius* condemns, I know not why, a Passage of *Theopompus*, which, nevertheless, seems to me very just and significant; *Philip*, says that Historian, *swallows down Injuries in compliance with the necessity of his Affairs*. Simplicity and Plainness often express things better than all the Pomp and Ornament that can be used, as may be observ'd in the common Transactions of Life: besides, That the most ordinary and unaffected manner of Speech is the aptest to create belief. Now, in speaking of a Man who pass'd over Indignities with indifference, in order to aggrandize himself, that Term of *swallowing down Injuries*, seems to me very expressive. As likewise this of *Herodotus*: *Cleomenes*, says he, *being grown desperate, bew'd his Flesh into little pieces, and after having mangled himself in that manner died*. And again, *Pythes* continued fighting in the Ship, till he was back'd all to pieces. These plain Expressions import, That a Man means honestly,

honestly, that what he relates is matter of Fact, and that he does not understand how to gloss, tho' at the same time they carry nothing in them poor or trivial.

C H A P. XXVI.

AS to the number of Metaphors, *Cecilius* seems to be of the Opinion of those, who will admit of but two or three at most for the expressing one thing. But here *Demosthenes* must be our Rule: That Orator shews us, there are occasions in which more may be made use of at one time, viz. when the Passions, like a rapid Torrent, bear them after them necessarily and in multitudes. *These wicked Wretches*, he somewhere says, *These base Flatterers*, *These Furies of the Commonwealth* have cruelly dilacerated their Country: *These*
are

are the Men who in their scandalous Excesses betrayed our Liberties to Philip, and who, at this day, betray them to Alexander : These are they, I say, who measuring their Happiness by their inordinate Pleasures, by their infamous Debauches, have overthrown all the boundaries of Honour, and destroy'd that Maxim amongst us, in which our valiant Fathers plac'd their whole Felicity ; not to endure a Master. By this crowd of Metaphors pronounc'd in Passion, our Orator silences the Traytor at once. Nevertheless, *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*, to excuse the boldness of these Figures, think it proper to introduce them with these or the like Mitigations ; *If I may express myself in this manner ; If I may be allow'd to make use of this Term ; To speak thus ; If the Phrase be not too bold ;* For, say they, the making such Apologies is some sort of Remedy for, and restraint upon too great a licentiousness in the use of Figures ; and therein I cannot but agree with them. But nevertheless I must insist, as I have already intimated, that the best and most natural Remedy against this Luxuriance and Hardiness, whether of Metaphors or
other

other Figures, is, not to use them but in the proper place, that is, in great Passions and in the Sublime: for as the *Sublime* and *Pathetic*, by their violence and impetuosity, naturally bear all before them, so they necessarily ask strong Expressions, and don't give the Auditor time to amuse himself with cavilling at the number of the Metaphors, because at that very moment he feels one common warmth with him that speaks.

In Tracts of Places likewise, and in Descriptions, there is sometimes nothing that better expresses things than a multitude of continued Metaphors; and hence it is that we find in *Xenophon* so pompous a description of the humane Body: But *Plato* has given us a Picture of it in a manner still more divine. He calls the Head *a Citadel*, and says, That the Neck is situated as an *Isthmus*, between that and the Breast; that the Chine-bones are the Hinges upon which it turns; that Pleasure is the Bait that attracts all the Misfortunes that happen to Men; that the Tongue is the arbitrator of the Taste; that the Heart is the source

source of the Veins, the fountain of the Blood, which flows out of it rapidly into all the other Parts; and that it is disposed in the manner of a Castle, fortified on all sides; the Pores he terms narrow Streets: And then goes on thus; The Gods being willing to provide for the palpitation or beating of the Heart, which is ordinarily occasioned in it by Fear, at the unexpected sight of terrible things, or by the rising of the Choler when it is on fire, have placed under it the Lungs, which are of a soft substance and without Blood; but being full of little holes within, in the nature of a Sponge, they serve the Heart as a Pillow, to the end that when the Choler is inflam'd, it may not be disturb'd in the performance of its functions. He calls the concupiscible Parts, The Womens Apartments; the irascible, the Mens. He says, That the Spleen is the Kitchen of the Entrails, and that being full of the excrements of the Liver it swells and becomes bloated: And then goes on as follows; The Gods have covered all these Parts with Flesh, which serves them as a Rampart and Defence against the Injuries of Heat and Cold, and all other Acci-

Accidents, and is as a soft fine Wool, which benignly and gently surrounds the whole Body. The Blood is the Food of the Flesh; and to the end that all Parts might receive their just Aliment, they have water'd it as a Garden, with variety of Canals that, so the Rivulets of the Veins, which proceed from the Heart as their source, might be conveyed through those narrow Conduits of the humane Body. For the rest, When Death comes, he says, that the Organs are dissolv'd and unravel'd like the Cords of a Ship, and leave the Soul to range at liberty. Innumerable Instances may be produced of this kind; but what I have said is sufficient to shew, how great these Figures are in themselves, how much they contribute to the Sublime, and of what singular use they may be in Pathetic Discourses, and in Descriptions.

Now, that these Figures, as well as all other elegancies of Discourse, may be carried to excess, is what is obvious enough without my saying it. It is for this reason *Plato* has been censured, for so often suffering himself, by a Bacchanal sort of Fury, to be betrayed into
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hard extravagant Metaphors, and a vain pomp of Allegory: *It is not easily to be conceiv'd*, he somewhere says, *that a City ought to resemble a Vessel, fill'd with Wine, which at first frets and rages, but is no sooner associated with another sober Divinity that chastises it, but it becomes moderate and fit to drink.* To call Water a *sober Divinity*, and to make use of the Term, *Chastising*, for *Tempering*; in a word, to labour so much for these little Curiosities, would make one think, say they, the Author himself was not extremely sober. And this, perhaps, is what gave occasion to *Cicilius* to determine so boldly in his Commentaries upon *Lysias*, that That Writer was in all things preferable to *Plato*: He lov'd *Lysias* better than himself, and yet hated *Plato* more than he lov'd *Lysias*; so that being mov'd by these two Principles, equally reasonable, and inspir'd at the same time with a Spirit of Contradiction, he has advanc'd several things of those two Authors, which are not such absolute Decisions as he imagines. He accuses *Plato* as being frequently liable to Exception, and speaks of the other
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as a finish'd Writer; which is so far from Truth, that it has not the least colour of Probability: A thing I must insist upon, till he can produce an Author in whom is not to be found any Blemish or Mistake.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVII.

IT may not perhaps be Foreign to the Purpose, to examine here this Question in general, to wit, Which is more preferable, whether in Prose or Poetry, that Sublime which has some Faults, or that Mediocrity which is perfect and entire in all its Parts, and which never sinks, nor is inconsistent with it self? And then, to form an equitable Judgment upon Things, which of two Works ought to bear the Prize, that which has the greater Number of Beauties, or that which approaches nearest to the Sublime and Grand: These Questions arise naturally from the Subject; and therefore 'tis necessarily incumbent upon us to resolve them. For my own part then, I am of Opinion, that Sublimity, above the ordinary rate, will not admit of that Accuracy, which Mediocrity, or the middling Vein of Writing is capable of; on the other Hand, in Discourses so polish'd and correct, there is danger of falling into somewhat mean; whereaz, 'tis with the Sublime, as with immense Wealth, where, in spite of

all the care a Man can take, something or other must be neglected. 'Tis next to impossible, generally speaking, that he who writes in a middling low way, should commit many Faults; for as he runs no Hazards, and never attempts to Rise, he still continues safe, and as it were upon his Guard; but the Sublime of it self, and by its own natural Force, is Lubricous, and full of Danger. I am not ignorant, that it may be here objected to me, that we naturally judge of Mens Works by the worst Parts of them, and that we are much more inclin'd to remember their Faults than their Beauties; what is ridiculous, dwells with us, and is not easily effaced; what is beautiful and shining, passes quickly over and is soon forgot: But tho' I observe several Faults in *Homer*, and in most other celebrated Writers, and am perhaps as little pleas'd with them as any Man in the World; yet I cannot directly consider them as real Faults, but rather look upon them as small Errors, and little Slips which have escap'd them, because their Minds being wholly bent upon the Sublime, could not so well attend to lesser Matters. In one word, I cannot but think that
the

the Sublime, tho' it does not equally support it self thro' the whole, provided this is only owing to its Grandeur and Elevation, carries the Day from all the rest. For Example, *Apollonius*, he who wrote the Poem of the *Argonautes*, does not so much as sink once; and in *Theocritus*, excepting some Passages wherein he departs from the genuin Character of Eclogue, there is nothing but what is happily design'd: Nevertheless, would you rather choose to be *Apollonius* than *Homer*? The *Erigone* of *Eratosthenes* is a Poem, in which you cannot find a single Fault. Would you therefore say, that *Eratosthenes* is a greater Poet than *Archilochus*, because he is confus'd, and wants Order and Oeconomy in many Parts of his Writings; a Fault he only slides into by reason of that Divine Spirit which hurries him away, and which he cannot command if he would? In like manner, as to *Lyrics*, had you rather be *Bacchylides* than *Pindar*? Or in Tragedy, *Ion* of *Chios*, than *Sophocles*? *Bacchylides* and *Ion*, 'tis true, make no false Steps, nor write any Thing but what is Elegant and Polite: Not so *Pindar* and *Sophocles*; for sometimes in the midst of their greatest Violence, while
F 2 they

they Lighten and Thunder, if I may so express my self, their Fires suddenly become extinct, and they unhappily fall. And yet is there any Man of good Sense that would offer to compare all the Works of *Ion* put together, with the single *Oedipus* of *Sophocles*?

C H A P. XXVIII.

BUT if one ought to judge of the Merit of a Work by the Number rather than the Quality and Excellence of its Beauties, it will follow, that *Hyperides* is entirely Superior to *Demosthenes*; for, besides that, he is more Harmonious, he comprehends more Parts of the Orator; all which, almost, he possesses in an eminent Degree, being in this like one of those Wrestlers, who are famous for five sorts of Exercises, and who, tho' they are not the First, or Chief,

Chief, in any one of them, exceed the ordinary and common rate in all. He has indeed imitated *Demosthenes* in every thing which is beautiful in *Demosthenes*, except in the disposition and ordering of Words; to this he adds the Turns and Graces of *Lysias*: He knows how to soften, where 'tis proper, the Rudeness and Simplicity of Discourse, and does not, like *Demosthenes*, speak every thing with the same Air: He excels in describing the Manners; his Style, tho' ingenious and simple, is yet florid, and has in it a certain agreeable Sweetness; there is likewise in his Works abundance of Pleasantry; his manner, when he smiles, and is jocular, is very delicate, and has, methinks, somewhat of the Noble; then he has a wonderful Facility in the managing of Irony; his Raillery is not cold and far-fetch'd, like that of the false Imitators of the *Attic* Style, but lively and pressing; he is very dextrous in eluding the Objections that are made to him, and in rendring them ridiculous, by enlarging upon them; he has a great deal of comick Pleasantry, and is ever full of Jest and certain Points of Wit, that never fail to strike; all which he seasons with inimitable Grace and Turn: He

seems form'd by Nature to move Pity and Compassion: He is extensive in fabulous Narrations: He has a wonderful Flexibility for Digressions, he winds himself about, he takes Breath when he has a mind, as may be seen in his Fables of *Latona*: In fine, his Funeral Oration is embellish'd with so much Pomp and Ornament, that I cannot say whether any Body has ever equal'd him in that Point.

On the contrary, *Demosthenes* is but indifferently skill'd in describing of the Manners: He is not copious in his Diction: He has something hard, and has neither Pomp nor Ostentation; in a word, he has hardly any of those things of which we have been speaking. If he endeavours to be pleasant, he makes himself ridiculous instead of making others merry; and the nearer he tries to approach to it, the more distant he is from it. Nevertheless, inasmuch as all those Beauties, which are so numerous in *Hyperides*, have nothing of the Sublime; and that one observes in him, if I may so express my self, the Orator ever Hungry, and possess'd with a certain Languor of Spirit, which never rouses it self,

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those

those Passions which reign in Multitudes throughout his Works.

C H A P. XXIX.

BUT to return to *Plato* and *Lysias*, there is, as I have said, another great difference between them; for *Lysias* is not only Inferior to *Plato* in Excellence, but also in Number of Virtues: And what is yet further, as he has fewer Beauties, so has he infinitely more Faults.

What shall we say then was the reason that prompted these great Souls to overlook nicer Elegancies, and to aim only at Sublimity in their Writings? Among many other things there is this perhaps to be said for it: Nature did not yet regard Man as a Creature of a low and mean Condition; but sent him

him into Life and this World, as into a vast Amphitheatre, to be a Spectator of all that pass'd; she enter'd him, I say, in those Lists, as a valiant Candidate, who was to breath nothing but Glory; and therefore inspir'd his Soul with a strong and invincible Passion for every thing that was most great and divine: Hence is it, that the whole World is not capacious enough for the extensive Contemplations of Human Mind, and that our Thoughts soar above the Heavens, and penetrate even beyond those Boundaries which encircle and terminate the Universe.

If one Surveys the Course of Man's Life, and observes how far what is great and illustrious, prevails over that which is merely elegant or beautiful, we shall soon determine, to what ends we were born. Prompted by this natural Impulse, we don't admire little Rivers, tho' their Waters are clear and transparent, 'as also well adapted to Human Uses; but 'tis then we are struck with Amazement, when we view the *Danube*, the *Nyle*, the *Rhine*, or above all, the grand Ocean: We express no Wonder at the sight of a little Fire, which

which we our selves have lighted, tho' it continues a considerable while in its first Purity and Splendor ; but we are fill'd with Admiration, when we contemplate the two great Fires of Heaven, tho' sometimes darkned, or under an Eclipse: Nor do we find any thing more astonishing in Nature, than those Furnaces of Mount *Ætna*, which throw out from their Bowels vast Stones and Rocks, and burning Rivers of Sulphur and liquid Flames. From all which it may be concluded, that whatever is useful and necessary to Man, has nothing very surprising in it, as being obvious, and easy to be come at ; but that whatever is above the ordinary rate, great and magnificent, infuses into us Wonder and Admiration.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXX.

WITH regard therefore to those great Orators, whose Labours are so sublime and wonderful, tho' at the same time not altogether abstracted from the profitable and useful, it must be pronounced of them, that tho' they are by no means exempt from Faults, they have nevertheless something in them Supernatural and Divine: To excel in other respects, is Human; in the Sublime, God like: All that is gain'd by not committing Faults, is freedom from blame; but the Sublime creates Admiration: In short, what can we say more? Why, one single beautiful Stroke, one of those Sublime Idea's, that are to be met with in the Writings of these excellent Men, is sufficient to make ample Recompence for all their Defects; nay, I may go yet further and say, that if one were to collect together in one Heap all the Faults that are to be found in *Homer*, in *Demosthenes*, in *Plato*, and all those other celebrated Heroes of Antiquity, they would not ballance the least, no, not the thousandth part of the noble Things that

that have been said by them. And hence it is, that Envy has never been able to blast their Lawrels, but that every Age and Race of Men has readily conferr'd upon them those immortal Palms of Conquest and Honour, which they wear to this Day, and which, if I mistake not, they shall continue to wear

*As long as Rivers thro' the Meadows
flow,*

*As long as Trees shall bud and Blossoms
blow.*

It may here be objected to me, that a clumsy *Colossus* is not more valuable than a small finish'd Statue, such, as for instance, is *Polycetes's* Soldier: To this I answer, that in Works of Art, Perfection is chiefly requir'd; but in Works of Nature, the Sublime and Grand: Now Discourse is in Men a natural Operation; besides, what we expect from Statues, is only Likeness and Resemblance; but in Oratory, as I have said, we require somewhat of the Supernatural and Divine. But nevertheless, that we may return to our first Proposition, it must be confess'd, that the Prevention of Errors is the Fruit and
Result

Result of Art ; and since 'tis very difficult in the higher Pitches of Sublimity to preserve an equal Pace, and keep up to the same majestick Air and Tone, 'tis necessary to bring Art to the Assistance of Nature ; for to a perfect Harmony between these two, is owing the sovereign Perfection of good Writing. This is what I have thought necessary to speak upon the Subjects under our Consideration, leaving at the same time every Man at full Liberty to judge for himself.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXI.

TO reassume the Thread of our Discourse, Parables and Comparisons come very near to Metaphors, and differ from them but in one Point.

Of this Nature is the following Hyperbole ; *Provided you carry your Brains in your Head, and not under your Heels.* Great Caution therefore must be us'd, lest these Figures be pursued too far ; for it frequently happens, that the Hyperbole is entirely destroy'd, and loses all its Force by being strain'd too high : As the String of a Bow, when over stretch'd, becomes loose and relax'd ; so this in like manner has very often a quite different effect from what we design'd.

Thus *Isocrates*, out of a foolish Ambition of being Emphatical in all he says, has, I don't know how, in his Panegyrick, trifled himself even into the Puerility of a School-Boy. His design in this Panegyrick is to prove that the *Athenians* have done more Service to
Greece

Greece than the *Lacedæmonians*; and see how he opens, *Since Oratory is naturally endued with the Power of extenuating great things, and amplifying little ones, of making that appear Old which is New, and that New which is Old.* And is it thus, one might say, O *Isocrates*, that you are going to turn all things topsy turvy, with regard to the *Lacedæmonians* and *Athenians*? By introducing his Discourse, with the Praises of Eloquence in this manner, he in effect makes an *Exordium* to exhort his Auditors not to believe one word of what he is going to say to them.

We must therefore take that for granted also of Hyperboles, which we have said of all other Figures in general, to wit, that those are the best which are the neatest couch'd, and which carry in them the least appearance of an Hyperbole. In order to this, we must take care to produce them only, where some grand Circumstance is to be pathetically related. As in this Passage of *Thucydides*, where he describes the Slaughter of the *Athenians* in *Sirily*; *The Sicilians falling upon them in that Place, made a great Slaughter, especially of those who were*
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in the River; the Water was all of a sudden stain'd with Gore; and yet all bloody and turbid as it was, they fought to drink it. It is little credible, that Men should drink Blood and Dirt, nay, and fight to drink it too; yet the greatness of the Passion, in the midst of so surprising a Circumstance does not fail to give some colour of reason to the thing. Of the same Nature is that which Herodotus says of the Lacedaemonians at Thermopylae; They continued to defend themselves here for some time with what Arms they had left, and with their Hands and Teeth, till the Barbarians had in a manner buried them under their Arrows. What think you of this Hyperbole? Or what appearance of Truth can there be, that Men should defend themselves with their Hands and Teeth against People in Arms, and that so many Persons should be Buried under the Arrows of their Enemies? Nevertheless, there is not wanting here a sort of Probability; and that because the Fact does not seem to be created for the sake of the Hyperbole, but the Hyperbole seems to rise naturally from the Fact it self. In short, not to depart from what I have so often said, the infallible Remedy to prevent

prevent the carrying these bold Strokes of Rhetorick into an extreme, is not to employ them but in such Places as seem to require them by the natural Perturbation of Things. And this is so true, that there are several things in the Comick way, which, tho' direct Absurdities in themselves, yet fail not sometimes to carry an Air of Probability; and the reason is, because they move Passion, by which I mean the exciting of Laughter; for Laughter is a Passion of the Soul, occasion'd by Joy. Of this sort is that Touch of the Comedian, *He possess'd a Field in the Country, which was no bigger than a Lacedæmonian Epistle.*

As for the rest, Hyperboles may be made use of as well to diminish as amplify; for Exaggeration is common to both, and the *Dyasirme*, which is a Species of Hyperbole, if rightly understood, is no other than the Exaggeration of somewhat low and ridiculous.

C H A P. XXXII.

OF the Five Parts which produce the Sublime, and which we laid down at first as the general Foundation of this Treatise, the Fifth yet remains to be examin'd; and that is, the disposition and ordering of Words. But as we have already publish'd two Volumes upon that Subject, wherein we have explain'd at large all that had occur'd to us from a long Observation and Experience; we shall content our selves in this Place to add only what we judge absolutely necessary to the present Purpose: As for Example, That Harmony is not merely an Agreeableness, or Charm, which Nature has plac'd in Human Voice to persuade and inspire Pleasure; but that even inanimate Instruments have a wonderful Tendency to rouse the Courage, and move the Passions.

And do we not really find that the sound of the Flute affects the Souls of all that hear it, and fills them with a sort of Extasy which drives them beyond themselves? That its Changes and Cadences

dences being imprinted in their Ears, oblige them to accompany it, and conform thereto, in some measure, the Motions of their Bodies; nor is this only proper to the Flute, but is true of almost all other musical Sounds whatever; those of the Harp, for instance, have the same effect; for tho' they do not immediately denote any thing of themselves; yet we see, by that diversity of Tones which crowd one upon another, and that agreeable mixture of their respective Harmonies, that they create in the Mind the most exquisite and ravishing Delights. And yet these are but mere Images and Imitations of a Voice, which neither mean nor enforce any thing, being, if I may use the Expression, but Bastard-Sounds, and not at all, as I have said, the real Effects of Nature. What then may we not say of Disposition, which is the true Harmony of Discourse that is in it self natural to Man, which does not simply strike the Ear, but the Mind, which moves all at once, as well by so many different sorts of Thoughts and Things, as of Beauties and Elegancies, to which the Mind bears a kind of Relation and Affinity, which

insinuating it self into the Soul by variety and mixture of Sounds, inspires those that hear it with the same Passions as the Orator's; and lastly, which raises upon this noble Collection of Words, that divine Superstructure of Sublime we so much admire; can we, I say, deny that it enhances the Grandeur, the Majesty, the Magnificence, and every Thing that's beautiful in Discourse, and that the absolute Empire it has o'er our Minds, gives it a continual Power to Charm and Elevate them? It were idle, in short, to make the least doubt of a Truth, so universally acknowledg'd, and so amply confirm'd.

As to what remains, it fares much the same with Discourses as with Bodies, which ordinarily owe their principal Excellence to the Union and just Proportion of their Members; one Member separated from another has nothing in it worthy notice; but all together make up a complete Body. In like manner, when those Parts, which create the Sublime, are divided, the Sublimity entirely vanishes; but when they come to form one Body, by means of that Union and harmonious Connection which
cements

cements them together, they are rendered, by the sole Turn of the Period, Sonorous and Emphatical; for which reason the Sublime, in Periods, may be compar'd to an Entertainment that is made at the Joint-Expence of several Persons. Of such prodigious Force is this Harmony of Words, that we see several Poets and Orators, who touch the Sublime pretty well, tho' they are not at all form'd by Nature for it; nay, even tho' the Phrases and Expressions they make use of are low, common, and inelegant. To be plain, 'tis this musical manner of ranging their Words which supports them, and so swells and aggrandizes the Voice, that the meanness of their Thoughts and Diction is no longer observ'd. *Philistus* is of this Number; *Aristophanes* is the same in some Places, and *Euripides* in a great many, as has been already evidently prov'd. Thus when *Hercules*, in that Author, after having kill'd his Children, says,

*Such numerous Ills at once distract my
Mind,*

I can no room for other Sorrows find.

The Thought in it self is exceeding
K 3 trivial;

trivial; but yet the Turn he gives it is so Musical and Harmonious, that he renders it in some degree Noble. And certainly, if we will but give our selves the Trouble to invert the order of his Periods, he is infinitely more happy in the Disposition of his Words than the Sublimity of his Sense. As in that Passage, for instance, where he speaks of *Dirce* dragg'd by the Bull,

*If, haply, round he winds him, restless,
strong;*

*The Tree, the Rock, the Nymph he trails
along,*

Obsequious to his Motions.———

His Thought is here undoubtedly very Noble; but yet the Numbers marching on so majestically, without Hurry or Precipitation, is what gives it its chief Force. The Words support one another, and the Pauses are admirable; in short, Pauses are as so many solid Foundations which prop up and elevate Discourse.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXIII.

THERE is nothing on the contrary which more debases the Sublime, that those broken Numbers, that are hastily pronounced; of this kind are *Pyricks*, *Troches*, and *Dichores*, which are only proper for Dance. The little Delicacy and Agreeableness which there is in these Measures, as it never varies its Hum, never affects the Mind; but, as we may observe, that those who are listening to some Air in Musick, do not dwell upon the Sense of the Words, but are carried away with the Sound; so these sorts of Feet never inspire the Mind with those Passions which should properly arise from Discourse, but barely make an Impression upon the Ear by the Movements of their Cadence: Inasmuch as the Hearers foreseeing the Cadence, that is design'd, out-run the Speaker, and are before-hand with him; just as Dancers have the Measure of the Dance in their Heads before it comes to be practised.

Another thing which very much tends to the weakning of Discourse is, the ranging of ones Words in too great Formality, or using too great a Number of short Syllables, connecting at the same time the disunited Parts in an awkward uncouth manner. The same may be said of conciseness of Style; for nothing so lames and mangles Sublime as the confining it within too narrow a compass. At the same time that I am against curtailing of the Sentences, I do not understand those which have their just extent, but such only as are too much contracted, and in a manner mutilated. To curtail one's Style, is to put a stop to the Imagination, whereas the lengthening it out into just Periods, guides and conducts the Reader; but then it is to be remembred, that Prolixity and a tedious Circumvolution of Words is unsufferable, and renders all dead and languid.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXIV.

THERE is yet one thing more which dishonours Works of Eloquence ; and that consists in lowness of Terms. Thus we find in *Herodotus* a Description of a Tempest, which is admirable as to the Sense, but there is in it a mixture of Words extreamly low ; as where he says, *The Sea began to make an uproar*. That Expression of *making an uproar*, destroys all that was great in his Thought. *The Wind*, says he in another place, *bandied them about excessively, and those that were dispers'd in the Storm made an Exit very disagreeable*. The words, *bandied them about*, is low ; and that Epithet of *very disagreeable*, is utterly improper for describing an Accident of that Nature.

The Historian, *Theopompus*, has split upon the same Rock, in that noble Description, which he has given of the King of *Persia's* Expedition into *Ægypt*, where he has spoil'd the Beauty of the whole by the mixture of low and sordid Words. *Is there a City*, says that Historian,

storian, or a Nation in all Asia, but what sent Embassies to the King? Is there any thing costly and precious of the growth of the Earth, or the Manufacture of the Countries, of which they did not make him Presents? How many Carpets and magnificent Vests, of various Colours, and various Devices? How many gilded Tents garnish'd with all Necessaries for Life? How many rich Robes and sumptuous Beds? How many Plates of Gold and Silver, enrich'd with precious Stones, and artfully carv'd? What an infinite Number of Arms, both Barbarian and Græcian? What incredible Multitudes of Beasts of Carriage, and Animals for Sacrifice? What Bushels full of all sorts of Victuals? What Chests and Bags heap'd up with Paper, and other Utensils? And what prodigious Quantities of Salt-Viands of all sorts of Flesh, so prodigious, that those who beheld them at a distance, imagin'd they were Mountains risen out of the Earth?

From the most noble Elevation he sinks into the last Meanness; and that just in the Place where he ought to have risen; for by so impertinently joining to that pompous Description of the Apparel, the Bushels, the Victuals, and the Bags,

Bags, he seems as if he were drawing the Picture of a Kitchen. Now, if a Man, whose Business it was to dispose and range all these things in order, should, in the midst of the *gilded Tents and Vessels, the Silver-Plates, and Brilliant-Diamonds*, place in *Solemn State-Bags and Bushels*, 'twould make methinks but an uncouth Appearance: Just so it is with low Words in Writing; they are as so many Blemishes and Spots which deprave and sully the Expression. The Historian needed only have given the thing a different Turn, and said in general, with regard to those Mountains of Salt-Flesh, and the rest of the Provisions, that they sent the King, Camels and other Beasts of Carriage, laded with all things necessary to furnish out the most sumptuous Entertainment; or that they sent him Plenty of Viands of the most exquisite and delicious relish; or if you had rather, every thing that the Overseers of the Table could provide most proper to regale their Lord. But one should by no means descend from an elevated Discourse to little Meannesses of no Consideration, except one be forc'd to it by some urgent Necessity: The Words should be
every

every way answerable to the Majesty of the Things they treat of; and herein 'twere well to imitate Nature, who in the Formation of Man has not expos'd to View those Parts, which are indecent to be nam'd, and through which the Body exonerates it self; but, to make use of *Xenophon's* Words, *Has conceal'd and plac'd those Sinks at as great a distance as was possible, lest the Beauty of the Creature should thereby be sullied and disgraced.* But it is not necessary to take so near a View of those Things which depreciate Eloquence; for since we have shewn what serves to exalt and ennoble it, 'tis easy to imagin, that generally speaking, the contrary is what renders it groveling and mean.

C H A P. XXXV.

THE only Matter, dear *Terentianus*, which now remains to be examin'd, is a Question that was propos'd to me by a Philosopher sometime ago. It may be of use to set it in a clear Light; and therefore, for your particular Satisfaction, I will subjoin it to this Treatise.

It is Matter of Wonder to me, as well as several others, said that Philosopher, to consider how many Orators there are in this Age, who know how to manage an Argument, and who are Masters of the Oratorical Style; how many there are, who do not want Vivacity, Elegance, nor Agreeableness in their Discourses; but yet how few there are who come up to the true Spirit of Sublime; so great is the Sterility which at present reigns among us. Is there any thing, proceeded he, in that reason which is commonly assign'd? That 'tis a popular Government which forms and nourishes great Genius's, since in effect all our most celebrated Orators flourish'd

rish'd under that Administration, and dy'd with it? There is nothing perhaps, added he, which more elevates the Souls of great Men than Liberty, nor that more powerfully excites and awakens in us that natural Sentiment which leads us to Emulation, and that glorious Ambition of seeing our selves rais'd above others: Add to this, that the Prizes, which are propos'd in Common-wealths, sharpen, if I may so say, and polish the Minds of Orators, teaching them to cultivate with care the Talents they have receiv'd from Nature; insomuch, that one may see the Liberty of their Country shining forth in their Harangues.

But we, he continu'd, who from our Infancy have been taught to submit to the Yoke of lawful Rule, who have been inur'd by Custom to bend under Monarchy, while as yet our Minds were tender and capable of receiving all Impressions; in one word, we who have never tasted of that enlivening and fruitful Source of Eloquence, I mean Liberty, the highest Pitch that we can generally arrive at, is making our selves great and egregious Flatterers. And 'twas for this reason, he said, he was of Opinion,

nion, that a Man born a Slave might be capable of other Acts; but that no Slave could ever be an Orator: For a Mind, he continued, born down, and as it were broke by being accustom'd to the Yoke, dares not entertain the thought of any thing that's great; all the Vigour it has, evaporates of it self, and it continues as it were in perpetual Imprisonment. In short, to make use of *Homer's Words*,

*The Hour you cast a free-born Man in
Chains,
Half his Worth dies, and all his Virtue
wains.*

As those Boxes, if what is commonly said be true, wherein they shut up Dwarfs, not only prevent their Growth, but make them less by means of a certain Fillet which they tie about their Bodies; so Servitude, Servitude I say, tho' establish'd by the justest Methods, is a kind of Prison, in which the Soul shrinks and grows less. Here I took up the Discourse. 'Tis natural, said I, and familiar to Men to be ever censuring the present Times; but certainly, if the Luxuries of a long Peace are capable
of

of corrupting the noblest Minds ; much more may this endless and uninterrupted War, which has so long raged over the Face of the whole Earth, be suppos'd to be none of the least Obstacles to our Desires.

Add to this the Passions which continually perplex our Lives, and raise Confusion and Disorder in our Minds ; 'tis the Desire of Riches, of which we are so excessively fond ; 'tis the Love of Pleasure, which, properly speaking, subjects us to this Servitude, or rather, which leads us into a Precipice, where all our Faculties are swallow'd up. There is no Passion so base as Avarice ; no Vice so scandalous as Voluptuousness : I can't then see, how those who are such great Adorers of Riches, and who look upon them as a kind of Divinity, can once be infected with that Malady, without receiving with it at the same time all those Evils with which it is necessarily attended. Lavishness, Profusion, and other vicious Habits always tread upon the Heels of excessive Wealth ; they march behind it, and by its means open the Gates of Cities, and of Houses, where they enter and establish themselves :

selves: But scarce have they continued there any Time, but they build their Nests according to the Notion of the Sages, and make haste to multiply. Observe then what it is they produce: They beget Pride and Luxury; which are no spurious Issue, but their true legitimate Children. And if we suffer these worthy Off-springs of Riches to grow upon us, they will soon have brought forth Insolence, Debauchery, Impudence, and all other merciless Tyrants of the Mind.

No sooner then has a Man neglected the Business of Virtue, and turn'd all his Admiration upon frivolous and perishable Things, but all we have been speaking of must necessarily happen to him; he is no more able to lift up his Eyes to look above himself, nor to say ought that exceeds the common; he quickly spreads a general Corruption over his Soul; all that he had great and noble, shrinks and withers away of course, and attracts nothing but Contempt.

Is it possible for a Judge, who has been corrupted, to judge impartially,
L and

and without Passion, of what is just and equitable? For a Mind that has been liable to be gain'd over by Bribery, to distinguish that which is honest from that which is profitable? How then can we expect that at a time when Corruption reigns over the Manners and Minds of Men, when we have no other Care but how to succeed to the Inheritance of one, or to secure a Legacy in the Will of another; when we extract an infamous Gain out of every Thing, bartering our very Souls for Lucre, and becoming the miserable Slaves of our own Passions? How can we expect; I say, that in such a general Contagion there should be found a Man of sound Judgment, and free from Passion, who, not blinded nor seduc'd by the Love of Gain, could distinguish what was truly great, and worthy of Posterity? In one word, all debauched and corrupted as we are, is it not better for us to be govern'd by another, than to continue in our own Power, lest the insatiable Rage of Gain, like a Fury that has broke its Chain, and threatens Destruction all around, should carry Fire to the four corners of the Earth? In fine, said I to him, 'tis the Love of
Luxury

Luxury which is the cause of that Sluggishness, in which the Minds of Men, excepting some few, are at this Day totally immerg'd: Or, if we do at any time apply our selves to worthy Studies, we do it only as Men who are recovered of an Indisposition, for Recreation's sake, or that we may have an opportunity of exerting our Vanity, and not out of any noble Emulation, or with a design to draw from it any solid and laudable Advantage. But what has been said upon this Subject is sufficient; let us now come to the Passions, concerning which we have promis'd to write a distinct Treatise; for in my Opinion they constitute one of the most ornamental Parts in Oratory, especially as far as they regard the Sublime.

THE
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THE
FRAGMENTS
OF
Dyonysius Longinus.

FRAG. I.

*Taken from Porphyrius, in the
Life of Plotinus, Page 13. Edit.
Basil.*

AS great a Sterility as there is at present, among us, of Philosophers, there were in our younger Days, *Marcellus*, a great many eminent Men living, who were highly celebrated for their Knowledge in all Philosophical

loſophical Precepts and Documents. We had an opportunity of ſeeing them all, during our Travels, in our Minority, under the Conduct of our Parents; and as we travers'd Variety of Countries and Cities, it was our good Fortune to fall into the familiar Converſation of thoſe of them, who were ſurviving at that Time. Some of theſe Philoſophers were ſo diligent as to commit their Precepts to Writing, that ſo their Poſterity might enjoy the Benefit of their Labours; but the reſt thought it ſufficient to give their Followers ſuch Inſtructions only, as might lead them to a perfect Underſtanding of their Notions. Of the former ſort were the Platonicks, *Euclides*, *Democritus*, and *Proclinus*, who paſſ'd his Life in *Phrygia* the Leſs; as alſo *Plotinus*, and his familiar Friend, *Gentilianus Amelius*, who now live at *Rome*. Of the Stoicks, were *Themistocles* and *Phæbion*, and likewise *Annius* and *Medius*, who flouriſh'd ſo lately; among the Peripateticks, only *Heliodorus Alexandrinus*. Of the latter ſort were the Platonicks, *Ammonius* and *Origenes*, whoſe Hearer I was for a conſiderable Time, and who were Men that far excell'd all their Contemporaries in

all sorts of Knowledge; and likewise *Diodotus* and *Eubulus*, who succeeded in the School of *Athens*: Of these latter, there are indeed extant some small Tracts, as *Origenes's* Book Concerning Demons, and *Eubulus's* Answer to Aristotle against Plato's *Republick*; but these Pieces are not of such Consequence, as to entitle the Authors to a Place among those, who spent their Time in explaining the Doctrines of Philosophy in a more full and ample manner, having been written accidentally and at leisure, and not undertaken or carried on in a regular and settled Course of Studies. Among the Stoicks, of this latter sort, were *Hermippus* and *Lyfimachus*, and *Athenaus*, and *Mufonius*, who liv'd at *Athens*. Among the Peripateticks, flourish'd *Ammonius* and *Ptolemaus*, both Men of the greatest Renown of all the Philosophers of their Time, but especially *Ammonius*; for there is none that can justly be compared with him, either for the Variety or Extent of his Knowledge; but yet they wrote nothing which refer'd to the Explication of Philosophical Questions, but only some few Poems, and some Discourses of the Demonstrative Kind, which I am apt to believe are preserved

served contrary to their own Wills and Intentions; for I will not think, they so much as ever dream'd of making themselves known to Posterity by these Works, while they neglected Things of infinite Weight and Moment, and so much more worthy of their Pains and Study: Again, those of them, who have written any Thing, have gone no farther than the making of Collections or Transcripts from elder Authors, as *Euclides*, *Democritus*, and *Proclinus*: Others, who have recorded some small Matters of the Learning of the Ancients, have calculated their Tracts for the same Meridian as those who went before them; in which Number are *Annius*, *Medius*, and *Phæbion*; the last of whom rather studied to excel in Neatness and Elegance of Expression, than in the Weight and Gravity of the Matter he treated. To these we may add *Heliodorus*; for neither has he enter'd upon a distinct Explication of any Philosophical Points, that are new and not discussed by the Antients. But the Men, who, with the Number of the Problems they handled, express'd suitable Care and Diligence, and withal made use of a peculiar way of Thinking, are *Plotinus* and *Gentilia-*

Amelius. One of these seems to have explain'd the Pythagorean and Platonick Principles in a Method more clear and distinct than any before him: (for neither are *Numenius*, *Cronius*, *Moderatus*, or *Trasylus*, to be brought in Competition with *Plotinus*, in any Thing relating to the Accurate Discussion of those Arguments) *Amelius* closely pursues his Footsteps, and handles the very same Propositions; but yet running into a prolixer Style, and his manner of Interpretation being more loose and diffused, he seems to treat his Subject in a Form very different from that of *Plotinus*. And these are the only Men, whose Writings I should esteem worthy a Man's Knowledge or Perusal; for why any one should think it worth his while to look over the rest, and not rather choose to run back to the Fountains from whence they draw all they have, I can see no reason; especially considering, that they have neither added any Thing of their own, nor touch'd upon the chief Heads of Things, nor so much as given us the Sentiments and Reasonings of different Persons upon the Matter, or taken the Pains to Collect the best and most plausible Arguments
that

that have been made use of on those Occasions? This is what I have frequently done my self, and that in several Discourses, as in my *Answer to Gentilianus, concerning Plato's Justice*; and in my *Examination of Plotinus's Book Concerning Idea's*. Further, our common Friend, the King of Tyre (who has himself written many Things in Imitation of *Plotinus*, and among others endeavour'd to prove his Opinion concerning Idea's truer and juster than mine) seems to have been modestly reprehended by me, for his unjust Recantation; besides that, I have overthrown, in the Tracts I am speaking of, various Opinions of these Men, particularly in my *Epistle against Amelius*, which wants not much of the bigness of an ordinary Commentary, and was in Answer to the Letter he wrote me from *Rome*. His Epistle, indeed was intituled, *An Account of the Philosophy of Plotinus*; but I content with a more common Inscription, simply intituled mine, *An Epistle against Amelius*.

F R A G.

F R A G. H.
*From Porphyrius, in the Life of
Plotinus, Page 12. Edit. Basil.*

I Must entreat you to send me those Books, the first convenient Opportunity, or rather that you'd bring them; for I can by no means depart from the Request I have so often made, *v.z.* that you'd prefer this Journey to me before any other, if for no other reason, (for as to matter of Learning, or Books, you are to expect nothing) yet for the sake of our old Acquaintance, and the extream Wholsomness of the Air, which is so proper for the Indisposition you inform me you labour under. As for any thing else, you must not flatter your self, no, not so much as to find the least Relick of those old Authors which you say are lost; for we have here so great a scarcity of Emanuenses, that, by the good Gods, I have scarce been able all this Time to procure a Transcriber to copy over some Pieces of *Plotinus*, that I have been collecting: I oblig'd him to
leave

leave all other Business, and set himself closely to this only; so that I think now I have all that Author's Writings, together with those you sent me; but yet I have them in a very imperfect manner, for there are abundance of Mistakes in the Transcripts: I was in hopes, indeed, that my Friend *Amelius* would have overlook'd and amended the Faults of the Copiers; but he had, it seems, other important Business, which would not permit him to apply himself to this; So that I can hardly make any use of them now I have them, tho' I am extremely desirous of examining, with more than ordinary Attention, those two Pieces, viz. *Concerning the Soul*, and *Concerning Essence*: You could not therefore do me a greater Pleasure, than to send them correctly transcrib'd; I would only compare your Copies with mine, and immediately return them to you again. But I must repeat my Request, that you would not send them, but come yourself, and bring along with you, not only the foremention'd Tracts, but any of those others which may have escaped the Notice of *Amelius*: What he brought, I am at last Master of, with a great deal of Trouble. And indeed how could I spare

spare any Pains to procure the Works of this Man, that are so worthy of Veneration and Honour? Thus much I have frequently signified to you, both in your Presence, in your Absence, and when you dwelt at *Tyre*, that I could not indeed approve of several of his Hypotheses; but as to the manner of the Man's Writing, the Solidity of his Sentiments, and the truly Philosophical Discussion of his Enquiries, I entertain them with the most extream Love and Admiration; and absolutely pronounce, that all, who are curious, and Lovers of Truth, ought to rank his Labours with those of the most celebrated and renowned Authors.

F R A G.

F R A G. III.

*Ex. Euseb. Prep. Evang. Lib. 15.
Page 822. Edit. Paris.*

TO dispatch this Subject in a few words, the Opinions of all those Men seem to me to be very remote from Truth, who suppose the Soul to be a *Body*; for how can one, without the utmost Absurdity, assimilate its Nature to any of the Elements? Or how reconcile it to Concretions and Mixtures, which, according to their various Modifications, are wont to produce innumerable Species of other *Bodies*; and in which, tho' not continually, yet remotely, one may see the Origin of their elemental Existence, and trace, as it were, the Antecession and Progress of prior *Bodies* on to succeeding ones? But as to what relates to the Soul, there is not the least Tract or Footstep of an Original to be discovered, not even tho' a Man were as eager as *Epicurus* or *Chrysippus*, in turning over every Stone, and searching into all the Powers of
Body

Body, to find out from whence the Operations of the Soul proceeded: For to what purpose is the Tenuity, that is ascrib'd to Spirit, when we look into the Nature of Perception and Reasoning? Or from whence have the Positions and Figures of Atoms such wondrous Power and Efficacy above other Things, as to be productive of Prudence, when they are rais'd into a new Texture, or *Body*? I am of Opinion, that, tho' a Man had *Vulcan's* Tripods or Maids, (of whom *Homer* feigns, that the one ran of their own accord to minister to the Gods, and that the other were co-assisting to their Master, nor were destitute of any of the Functions which living Creatures possess) that yet he would be able to make no use of them in the Doctrine of the fortuitous Concourse of Atoms; any more than he could produce out of the Sands of the Sea-shoar a Being endued with extraordinary Faculties of Sensation and Perception. It is with reason therefore many have express'd an Indignation against *Zeno* and *Cleanthes*, for having thought so meanly of the Soul, both oft hem declaring it to be no other than the Exhalation of a solid Body; for

for what, in the Name of *Jove*, has the Soul in common with Exhalations? Or how is it possible for those, who would liken to meer Vapour our Essence, and that of other Animals, to account for the Perception, the faithful and tenacious Memory, the Will, the Inclinations, and other Qualities, which constitute the Being of the rational Soul? Shall the great Gods, and even the supream *Jove*, who fills the Universe, and governs the Heavens and Earth, shall they be resolv'd into Evaporation, Smoak, and such like Impertinencies? The Poets themselves, who, tho' they have not an accurate Knowledge of the Gods, nevertheless partly from the common Opinions of Men, partly from the Inspiration of the Muses, by which they are elevated into high Sentiments, have spoken much worthier Things of them, than that they are Exhalation, Air, Froth, and such idle Deliriums.

R E.

REMARKS

ON

LONGINUS.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

S I R,

THE Letter you did me the Honour to write me upon the Subject of this Translation, was so great an Instance of your Favour, that I were very ungrateful, should I omit any Opportunity to acknowledge it. I assure you, I had complied with your Request of illustrating this Treatise with parallel Quotations from our own Writers, had not the Work been then too far advanced to admit of such a Design: However, since I have not been able to subjoin a regular Tract of this sort, I will, for your particular Satisfaction,

tion, take notice of what has occur'd to me from accidental Observations, and produce here and there a Passage from the *English* Poets, as my Memory shall suggest to me any that bear an Analogy to those mention'd by *Longinus*.

Our Author in the first Place observing, that the Pathetick is not absolutely necessary for the forming the Sublime, and that the one may very well subsist without the other, makes use of the following Example from *Homer*;

High on Olympus, Ossa they uprear'd, &c.

There are numberless Instances of this kind of Sublime to be produced from our Poets: *Shakespear* and *Milton* every where abound with them, but I shall mention only one or two.

*From their Foundations loosning to and
fro,*

*They pluck'd the seated Hills with all
their Load,*

*Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the
shaggy Tops,*

Uplifting, bore them in their Hands.—

M

There

There is a noble Remark on this Passage in the Spectator's excellent Criticisms on *Milton*, to which I refer you. How pompous is the Appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet*?

*What art Thou, that usurpest this Time
of Night,
Together with that fair and warlike
Form,
In which the Majesty of buried Den-
mark
Did sometime March?*

And again,

*This Battel fares like to the Morning's
War,
When dying Clouds contend with grow-
ing Light:
Now sways it this way, like a mighty
Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the
Wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-
same Sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the Wind;
Sometime the Flood prevails, and then
the Wind.*

These

These are pregnant Instances of that Sublime which has nothing of the Pathetick in it, to which I might add variety of others, and those more remarkable ones; but that I rather choose to make use of such as are less obvious to ordinary Readers, tho' in reality not less elevated. To speak Truth, these great Poets appear to me, as so many rich spangled Skies, set forth with innumerable ranges of Stars, which so fill the Sight, that one is not at leisure to observe any of those little Spots that may be found among them. And here I must take the liberty to remark, tho' with the utmost deference to the high Reputation of Mr. Boileau, that in his Version of *Longinus* he frequently seems to lose the Sublimeness of *Homer*, as particularly in the above-cited Passage concerning the Giants, which he renders thus:

Pour dethroner les Dieux, leur vaste ambition,

Enterprit d'entasser Osse sur Pelion.

He only says, they endeavour'd to raise *Ossa* upon *Pelion*; whereas, as *Homer* tells us, they heap'd *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and afterwards *Pelion* upon *Ossa*:

M 2

He

He forgets also the swelling Epithet with which *Pelion* is attended, and which serves to aggrandize the Circumstance in so high a degree. In short, the Sublime of this Passage is not, at the best, easily to be discern'd by a Reader, who is not acquainted with the volubility and foundingness of *Homer's* Numbers, and to whom three *Welsh* Mountains would be equally emphatical with *Ossa*, *Olympus*, and *Pelion*. How then shall it be comprehended, when despoil'd of those Ornaments, which contribute to make it great?

Longinus proceeds to observe, that the principal Excellence of *Homer* consists in the Sublimeness of his Imagination and Thoughts; upon which occasion he produces the Description of the Goddess of *Discord*, applied by *Virgil* to the Goddess of *Fame*:

*Walks on the Ground and hides her Head
in Clouds.*

The Image in this place is undoubtedly very great; but to any one, who has read the prodigious Descriptions *Milton* gives us of *Satan*, as when he rises from the
the

the fiery Surge, when he views the Host of fallen Angels, and particularly when he is apprehended in Paradise, this perhaps will seem but moderately Sublime. What can be more great and terrible than *Spencer's Dragon*?

His blazing Eyes, like two bright shining Shields,

Did burn with Wrath, and sparkled living Fire :

But far within, as in a hollow glade, Those glaring Lamps were set, that cast a dreadful shade.

And in another Place,

An hideous Giant, horrible and high, That with his tallness seem'd to threat the Sky ;

The Ground eke groaned under him for dread.

Longinus takes occasion from hence to censure *Hesiod's* Description of the Goddess of *Darkness*, very justly remarking that he does not properly render her terrible, but nauseous and distastful.

A fætid Humour trickled from her Nose.

It must be confess'd, that our Countryman *Spencer*, however excellent in other respects, is frequently faulty in this particular; as for Instance, speaking of *Duessa*, he says,

*Her dried Dugs, like Bladders, lacking
Wind,
Hung down, and filthy Matter from them
well'd,*

This Observation is finely touch'd upon by my Lord *Roscommon*, in his Essay on translated Verse.

After having made these Reflections, our Author falls into a Rapture upon contemplating the Majesty *Homer* gives his Gods, and his manner of describing their Battels, as in the following Quotations:

*Far as a Man may with his explore, &c.
The Heav'ns resounded, &c.
The King of Darknes, Terror did invade, &c.*

Let

Let us take a short View of *Milton* in this Light, and see (to borrow the Expression of *Longinus*) how boldly he comes to dispute the Prize with *Homer* :

*Millions of fierce encountering Angels
fought
On either side, the least of whom could
weild
These Elements, and arm him with the
Force
Of all their Regions, &c.*

————— *And on their Heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the
Air
Came shadowing, and oppressed whole Le-
gions arm'd, &c.*

————— *All Heav'n
Resounded, and had Earth been then,
all Earth
Had to her Center shook.——*

*The stedfast Empyrean shook through-
out,
All but the Throne it self of God.——*

As the Genius of *Milton* was perhaps
no way inferior to that of *Homer*, so
M 4 he

he must be allow'd to equal him in those Particulars at least, where his Theme is of so much a higher Nature. I make no question, but our Critick would have stood in as great Admiration of the following Lines, as he was at the Terror and Astonishment of *Pluto*:

—————*War seem'd a civil Game*
To this Uproar: Horrid Confusion
heap'd
Upon Confusion, rose: And now all
Heav'n
Had gone to wrack, with Ruin over-
spread,
Had not the Almighty, &c.—————

Hell heard th' insufferable Noise, Hell
saw
Heav'n running from Heav'n, and would
have fled
Affrighted, but strict Fate, &c.

—————*Confounded Chaos roar'd, &*
And felt ten-fold Confusion in their fall
Through his wild Anarchy, so huge a
Rout
Encumber'd him with Ruin.—————

These

These troubled Images rouse at once all the active Principles in the Soul, and in some measure create the same Perturbation in the Mind of an intelligent Reader, as is caused in the Multitude, at the sight of a great Conflagration. It is probable *Alexander* had never been so fierce in Battle, had he not taken strong Impressions from the Accounts he had read of *Achilles*.

As it is the easiest thing in the World to turn great Things into Ridicule, so is it the part of a noble Spirit only to be struck with these unbounded Soarings of Imagination.

The next Thing that falls under *Longinus's* Notice, is that applauded Passage, wherein *Neptune* is represented coming to the Assistance of the *Greeks*: These Verses have been more generally celebrated than any I know of in the whole *Iliad*; I shall therefore set them down in *Homer's* own Words,

— Τρέμε δ' ἔρεα μακρὰ ἢ ὕλη
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι ποσειδάωντα βυλῶ.

— Where-e'er Imperial Neptune
treads, &c.

It

It must be acknowledg'd, that the Solemnity with which the Poet introduces *Neptune*, and the Celerity and Tunableness, to be observ'd in the March of the Lines, create a very lively Image, and help to give them a superior Air of Grandeur: Besides, that they are with great Skill adapted to the Occasion and the Notions we are taught, to entertain of that Deity, who is emphatically stil'd, *Ἐννοσίγαιος*, or *Earth-Shaker*.

Milton has express'd the same thing, with equal Energy, in fewer Words, tho' not accompanied with the same beautifying Circumstances:

*The Monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides: Hell trembled as he strode.*

Spencer's Description of his Dragon's Flight, tho' not directly applicable to this Point, seems to be conceiv'd with great Strength of Thought:

And with strong Flight did forcibly divide

The

*The yeilding Air, which nigh too feeble
found
Her flitting Parts, and Element un-
sound,
To bear so great a Weight.*

Our Author, hitherto, has been admiring the Majesty which *Homer* gives his Gods: The following Lines, quoted by him to the same purpose, are inimitable.

As o'er the Carule Flood, &c.

Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κ'ματ' ἀταλλε δὲ κίτε
ὑπ' αὐτῆς

Πάντοθεν ἐκ κευθμῶν, αὐδ' ἠγνοίησεν
ἄνακτα.

Γυθροσύνη δὲ θάλασσα δῖς αὖτο πιδε
πέτοντο.

Here I must remark, as before, that the Spirit of this Passage seems to be evaporated in Monsieur *Boileau's* Translation of it, which is yet very diffuse: You may suppose, it is with the utmost Tenderneſs I touch upon ſo great a Character; but to juſtify what I have advanced, I need only inform you, that the *Dividing of the Waves*, which you muſt confeſs to be the fineſt Circumſtance in the whole, is entirely omitted by

by him. All I shall further add, is, that the Turn implied in these words (*ὡδ' ὑγρόνσιν ἀνακτα*) is peculiarly beautiful; and I believe you will agree with me, that it would be very difficult to preserve it in the *English*. For a Parallel to this Quotation, I refer you to the several Descriptions of the Messiah in *Milton*, *vid.* That of his coming to drive out the rebellious Angels; His triumphant Return; His riding into Chaos; His ascending in Jubilee; And others, where you will find all the Beauty, Energy, and Sublimeness, *Longinus* himself could have wish'd for.

It is undoubtedly true of *Milton*, that no Man ever had a Genius so happily form'd for the Sublime: He found one only Theme capable enough to employ his Thoughts, but he could find no Language copious enough to express them.

*His vigorous and active Mind was
hurl'd*

*Beyond the flaming Limits of this
World,*

Into the mighty Space. —

When

When I view him thus, in his most exalted Flights, peircing beyond the Boundaries of the Universe, he appears to me as a vast Comet, that for want of room is ready to burst its Orb and grow eccentric.

Æstuat in felix angusto limite Mundi.

And now, Sir, I ought to consider, how I may Apologize for the Trouble I have given you. I doubt not, but I have sufficiently exhausted your Patience with this Detail of Criticism, and that you would be extremely glad to change the Prospect: It is fit therefore I give you a little breathing Time at least, if I can't divert your Attention by moving the Scene more agreeably: You may in justice demand a Respite, where an Immunity is not to be granted. In the mean time, if the Practice of Criticising may be thought tedious, how insufferable a Science is that of Carping? If it is but an unentertaining Pursuit to dwell even upon the Excellencies of great Writers, how exquisitely dull must it be to pick and cull out their Inadvertencies? One would be apt to think him a very odd Fellow at least,
who,

who, while others were admiring the Symmetry, the Life, the Air of a fine Face, should cavil all the while at a Freckle, or affect an awkward pleasantry upon viewing a Heat in a delicately-shaped Neck : A Man would be apt I say, to conceive but a strange Notion of one who, while others were pointing out each ravishing Lineament and Gesture in a beautiful Woman's Person, should rifle her of all her Patches and Ornaments, in order to discover a Pimple. To proceed, you who have taken the Pains to read the *Scaligers* and Foreign Commentators, as well *Dutch* as *German*, may be able, perhaps, to read any thing after them : I shall therefore take the liberty to draw some few Citations more from our great Master, *Milton*, before I leave him. *Longinus*, after having told us, how 'heroical *Homer* is, when he draws a Hero's Character, instances in these celebrated Lines :

*Disperse the Clouds which round the
Græcians flow, &c.*

In the *Greek* thus,

Ζεῦ πάτερ' ἀλλὰ σὺ εὔσαι ὅτ' ἤϊεος ἦας
'Αχαιῶν, &c.

The abruptness, with which *Ajax* breaks into this Speech, is admirable; and the word (ἀλλὰ) expresses the Sullenness and Impatience of the Hero in a finer manner than can be render'd in any other Tongue. I know not how far better Judges may agree with me in this; but You and I so seldom differ in Matters of Poetry, that I thought I might venture to mention it. Now hear how big, how great the Sentiments are which *Milton's* Persons assume :

——Hail Horrors, hail
Infernal World, and Thou profoundest
Hell
Receive thy new Possessor.——
To Reign is worth Ambition, tho' in
Hell:
Better to Reign in Hell, than Serve in
Heaven.

One must attend very nicely to the Character of the Person who speaks these Things, and the occasion that brings them on; otherwise they appear
I know

I know not how, shocking. To use one Example more, I am never so much affected, never so much transported with the Spirit of any Thing, as when I see *Ospello* make his Exit with this noble Conclusion ;

——— *Set you down This,*
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband-Turk
Beat a Venerian, and traduced the State ;
I took by the Throat the Circumcised Dog,
And smote him thus.———

The Passion here is work'd up into an inimitable Sublimeness ; as indeed most of the Sublime Passages in *Shakespear* are interweaved with, and raised by the Pathetick. As the Action in this Place serves in a great degree to elevate the Words, so the Words are excellently suited to the Action. But that I may not depart from the Intention of *Longinus* in the Passage last cited from *Homer*, you will find several bold touches of the same sort struck throughout the whole Character of *Percy* : It were unkind also not to take notice of your beloved *Chevy-Chace*.

Before

Before I carry my Remarks any farther, I will set down those Verses, which our Critick applies to *Homer*, where he says, that he is as a favourable Gale, which seconds the Efforts of the Combatants, and is actuated with no less Violence

*Than the Spear-shaker Mars, or raging
Fire, &c.*

Μαίνεται, ὡς ὅτ' Ἀγυς ἐγχείσπαλθ', ἢ
ὅλοδον πῦρ

*Ουρεσι μαινυται βαθεὺς ἐνὶ τάφρῳ
ῥυγῇ.

A very moderate *Grecian* may discern the Nobleness there is in these Lines: But to me there seems also to be as great Justness, Force, and Propriety in the several Epithets, as I have any where met with. The reason, that I mention this, is, because the Enemies of *Homer*, or to speak more properly, those who do not understand him, level their principal Accusation and insipid Raillery at the Injudiciousness which they pretend he betrays in his Choice and Use of Epithets: A Man of good Taste and Learning in these Matters,

N

I'm

I'm satisfied, might easily make it appear, that as none have excell'd *Homer*, so very few have equall'd him even in this Particular: The frequent Repetition indeed of the same Epithets, to different purposes, has given colour to these Insinuations; but the Arguments rais'd from thence have been fully answered by *Boileau*, *Dacier*, and others: All I shall therefore say, is, that many of the Adjuncts to be found in the *Iliad* and *Odusseis*, such as *swift-footed Achilles*, *blue-ey'd Minerva*, and the rest of that sort, cannot so properly be stil'd Epithets, as Appellatives, or Proper Names; nor is *Homer* more blameable for using them in so general a manner, than the *Romans* were for giving *Scipio* the Name of *Africannus* indifferently, and on all occasions. You may be assur'd, I have not singled out the above cited Passage, as favouring my Opinion more than any other, but only consider'd it, as it came regularly in my way, being thoroughly persuaded, whenever you think fit to take a nearer View of this God and Father of Poets, you will acknowledge what I have said to be equally true in all Parts of his Works.

I am

I am, Sir, at length come within sight of *Sappho's* Ode, where the Prospect is so ravishing, that it is with Concern I tell you I can find nothing of the growth of *Britain* to be compar'd to it. I mean not, that our Poets have not touch'd the Subject of Love with Success, or that there is a Barrenness of those who have bent their Talents that way: On the contrary, there is scarce a Man, I believe, but has in some part of his Life made extraordinary Efforts in this kind. Whoever invoc'd the Muses, but his Mistress was concern'd? In short, it is so common a Theme, I am pain'd with it in Conversation, I sicken at it in Tragedies, I am even oblig'd to bribe it from my Windows, where it is often sung with greater Sonorousness than is agreeable to me. But to return to what I was saying, the *English* Poets have lavish'd infinite Wit upon this Topick; but they seem to have employ'd their Pains rather in adorning it with new Turns and Flourishes, than in imaging the real Passion, as, you see, *Sappho* does;

*Blest as th' Immortal Gods is He,
The Youth, who fondly sits by Thee, &c.*

Read her in the *Greek*, read her in the *Latin*, read her in the *English*, she still shines out in her genuin Charms, and Nature accompanies her in every Word. No Man living, who has not been too wise or too stupid to taste the Sweets and Pains of Love, but will find his Heart beating Time to the Symptoms here express'd, and confess the Reflections *Longinus* makes to be perfectly just :

*To Love when Sappho tun'd her Lyre ;
She both describ'd, and felt the Fire :
The Cyprian Queen possess'd her Whole,
And in her Lines you see her Soul.
Who tells me, Sappho was not Fair ?
Go, view her Ode ; she's painted there.*

In order to finish *Sappho's* Elogium, I will beg leave to transcribe a Passage from *Plutarch*, where he speaks of the violent Love of the young Prince *Antiochus*, who languish'd for his Mother-in-Law, the fair *Stratonice*. *Erasistratus*, the Physician who attended him, says
Plutarch,

Plutarch, quickly perceived that Love was his Distemper; but all the difficulty was to discover the Object of his Flame: He therefore diligently waited in his Chamber, and when any of the charming Beauties of the Court made their Visits to the sick Prince, he curiously observed the Emotions and Alterations in the Countenance of Antiochus, which he well knew were wont upon such Surprizes to betray the inward Passions and Inclinations of the Soul: He therefore took notice, that the Presence of the Court Ladies wrought no manner of Alteration in him; but when Stratonice came alone, or in Company with Seleucus, to make him a Visit, he observed in him all those Symptoms of a most violent Passion, which are so tenderly expressed by the ingenious Sappho; he became suddenly mute and silent, his Passion smothering his Words; a fiery Blush would mount into his Face; he would fix his Eyes upon Stratonice, and then presently withdraw those stollen and guilty Looks; his Pulse would be disordered; a cold Sweat would seize upon him, and unable to support the violent Passion, he would become senseless and pale as that Death which he so much desired.

I can't leave the Subject of this Ode without observing the Excellence of *Catullus's* Version of it, which I think may serve as a Pattern for all future Translations of what kind soever. He keeps up to the pure Spirit of the Original, and yet has scarce lost the Beauty of an Expletive. He is as rigorous as *Johnson*, and as delightful as *Roscommon*. See their Translations of *Horace's Art of Poetry*.

If you turn your Eye back upon *Longinus*, you will find he says, That what constitutes the chief Beauty of *Sappho's* Poem, is no other than a Collection of proper Circumstances; and that to make choice of such with Judgment, and to connect them with Art, is of great use and power in forming the Sublime. Is there any thing Excellent in any Language, for which our Favourite *Shakespear* will not furnish us with a Parallel? I will mention only those Lines, where he introduces King *John*, endeavouring to engage *Hubert* in the Murder of the young Prince, *Arthur*;

I had

*I had a Thing to say, but let it go.
The Sun is in the Heav'n, and the proud
Day
Is all too wanton, and too full of
gawdes
To give me Audience. If the Midnight-
Bell
Did with his Iron Tongue and Brazen
Mouth
Sound on into the drowzy Race of
Night :
If this same were a Church-Yard, where
we stand,
And Thou possessed with a thousand
Wrongs :
Or if that surly Spirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy Blood, and made it
heavy, thick,
Which else runs trickling up and down
the Veins,
Making the Ideot, Laughter, keeps Mens
Eyes,
And strain their Cheeks to idle Merri-
ment,
A Passion hateful to my Purposes :
Or if that thou couldst see me without
Eyes,
Hear me without thy Ears, and make
reply
Without a Tongue, using Conceit alone ;
N 4 Then,*

*Then, in despite of brooded watchful
Day,
I would into thy Bosom pour, &c.*

I need not observe to you, what a variety of fearful Circumstances the Poet here heaps together, what Images of Death and Horror he presents us with, and with what Solemnity he introduces them. *The Sun is in the Heav'n, &c.* 'Twere endless to glance upon every Particular.

Our Critick mentions one of *Homer's* Tempests, as a pregnant Instance of that Sublime which is rais'd out of Circumstances; upon which occasion he also cites the following Verses from an Anonymous Author:

Of wondrous Things it seems, &c.

This sort of Writing, he tells us, is perhaps pretty and fanciful, but not great. If I forget not, some gawdy Strokes of this glittering Tinsel-Vein may be found sometimes in *Mr. Waller*; and the *Italian* Poets, as far as the little Knowledge I have of that Tongue will permit me to judge, seem to abound

abound with Ornaments of a mixed kind, as our own *Spencer*, who, if I may use the Expression, copies from *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid* in the same Breath.

With Submission, my Lady *Chudleigh's* Poetry is rather Florid than Sublime; and Mr. *D'Urfey* himself, who has touch'd some part of *Lyricks* with great Humour and Mastery, is yet not so happy in hitting the wonderful and the grand.

But to return to *Homer's* Tempest:

*So when a Tempest rises in the Main,
The wind-swoll'n Waves, &c.*

I might, Sir, furnish you with Storming and Blustring enough in all conscience; but, I profess, I know of no Storm, but the famous one in *Virgil*, that could be properly inserted in this place. Let us see, however, how *Shakespear* cursorily touches upon this Subject.

———O Cicero, says Casca,
*I have seen Tempests, when the scolding
 Winds
 Have riv'd the knotty Oaks; and I have
 seen
 Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage,
 and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening
 Clouds.*

The Critick enlarges upon the close of
Homer's Description,

*The Marriners with shivering Horror
 quake,
 And scarce, but scarce elude the impend-
 ing Wreck.*

And very justly censures Aratus's At-
 tempt of refining upon it in the fol-
 lowing Expressions:

———*There only stood
 'Twixt Them and Death a slender Piece
 of Wood.*

I think, I have heard it observ'd by You
 and Others, that Mr. Cowley delights in
 Turns of this Nature. That great Poet
 had

had so luxuriant a Fancy, that I can compare him to nothing more properly than a too rich Soil, which breeds Flowers and Weeds promiscuously, and exerts it self with so great an Exuberance, that at length it becomes Barren thro' its Fertility: His Beauties crowd so thick one upon another, that they lose distinction: You there see Order it self in Anarchy: I am oppress'd with an Infinity of Sweets, and pleas'd against my Inclination. To say no more, what the fair Sex so generally approve, we ought in good Manners to admire. If Mr. *Cowley* falls short of *Milton* in the Sublime, he exceeds him in the Number of his Conceits: If he is not so strong, so just, so musical, as *Dryden*, he has greater Opulence and Variety.

As to what remains, I cannot possibly agree with a great Author in all his Sentiments of *Ovid*. *Ovid*, 'tis true, is full of Turns; but those Turns are so many soft Touches of Nature:

Mater, ait; tacta est Dea nomine matris.

They

They are artful Strokes which play upon the Passions, and awake the Mind: They are as those sprightly Airs of Musick, which call the Soul up into the Ear, and bid her listen: They are Turns indeed, but such as consist in Things, not in Words: I mean only in the general: In short, they are the very reverse of those frivolous and unnatural Conceits, with which the Taste of this Age has been so miserably debauch'd.

It would perhaps be no unpleasant Piece of History to give a regular Account, how from the Primitive Barbarism of *Crambo*, we first of all refin'd our Labours into Anagrams and Acrosticks; how Anagrams and Acrosticks were succeeded in the next Age by Doggrel; how Doggrel was afterwards chang'd for Pun, with that sort of Wit, under all its various Denominations; and how from Pun we are at last arrived to certain prettinesses of Fancy, by some mistaken for easy Writing, by others for genteel Poetry, and call'd by sower Criticks, *Chim Cham*. But this I forbear at present, and shall only take notice, that our Judgments
are

are equally perverted with respect to *Latin* Compositions: I will instance in the so much admir'd Psalm of *Buchanan*, which begins

*Dum procul a patira mæsti Babylonis in
oris,
Fluminis ad liquidas forte sedemus
aquas, &c.*

There never was any thing so Barbarous, so Gothick, so truly Modern, as these Verses: They are only a continued Jangle of Dactyls and Spondees, which Chime on, like a Pack-Horse, in the same Pace; a heap of Substantives accompanied with most wretched Adjectives: You may know the Position of the Words, in every Line, without looking into it. Is there any thing like this in *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, nay, even in *Martial*, or any ancient Writer whatever? The Lines indeed seem to run pretty much into what they call the *Golden Verse*; but even that, if not a Fault, is yet no Beauty, and at best but a *Monkish* Invention. In short, all such Poetry as this is but one degree superior to *Latin Rhimes*.

I must

I must now turn the Course of these Remarks into their first Channel again, and go on in order with my Author. But to make you some Recompence for the preceding Digression, I will cast the remaining part into as narrow a Compass as is possible. The next thing then the Critick points at, is that happy Boldness and Mastery which *Euripides* discovers in the designing of his *Images*; but here I must remind you, that by the word *Images*, he understands no other than those Enthusiasms and Transports, where the Poet seems to see the Thing he is speaking of, as in this of *Orestes*:

*O Mother, drive those hideous Spectres
hence:*

See, see, they come! ———

There cannot be a nobler Instance of this kind, than what *Shakespear* affords us in the Tragedy of *Richard* the Third; where that wicked Prince, the Night before the fatal Battle of *Bosworth*, is represented as starting out of a Dream, in which the Ghosts of all those he had murder'd appear to him:

Give

*Give me another Horse: Bind up my
Wounds:*

*Have Mercy, Jesu. Soft, I did but
dream.*

*Oh, Coward-Conscience! how dost thou
afflict me?*

*The Lights burn blue. It is not dead
Midnight.*

*Cold fearful Drops stand on my trem-
bling Flesh.*

What? do I fear my self? &c.

That of *Mackbeth* is no less excellent:

*Is this a Dagger, which I see before
me,*

*The handle toward my hand? Come
let me clutch thee.*

*I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
I see thee yet.——*

And again,

*What Hands are here? Hah! they
pluck out my Eyes.*

To conclude this Subject, if you look
into *Milton's* Eighth Book, and there
read the Answer *Raphael* gives *Adam*
con-

concerning the Cælestial Luminaries, you will have at least as good reason to imagin, that the Poet was originally an Inhabitant of the Moon, as *Longinus* had to think that the Soul of *Euripides* accompanied *Phaeton* in his Flight thro' the Heavens :

Close to the Pleides, &c.——

If *Æschylus* is very bold, where he says, that at the sight of *Bacchus*,

The Dome resounds, and the whole Palace roars.

What will you say of *Shakespear*?

*Have you not rais'd an universal Shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her
Banks
To hear the Replication of their Sounds
Made in her Concave Shores?——*

The Critick in the next place observes the Beauty there is sometimes in withdrawing the connecting Particles, and instances from *Xenophon* and *Homer*:

We
•

We went by your Commands, &c.——

This Figure is so very common, that it were superfluous to insist upon it. The Comick Writers are every where full of it; and in particular, Terence,

Azum est. Illicet. Peristi.

Eludet. &c.——

Funus interim

Procedit. Sequimur. ad Sepulchrum venimus.

In ignem imposita est. Fletur.——

The Changes of the Number and Person are Figures as common as the preceding: Of the latter kind is this of *Shakespear*,

You would have thought, the very Windows spake;

So many greedy Looks of Young and Old,

Thro' Casements darted their desiring Eyes

Upon his Visage.——

O As

As to sudden Transitions, *Longinus* produces a very beautiful Example from *Homer* :

But Hector to the Trojans, &c.——

There is one no less exquisite in *Milton*, which, tho' it has been taken notice of before, I shall beg leave to set down. The Passage I mean is that where *Adam* and *Eve* are describ'd as addressing themselves to their Evening Orizons :

*Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both
stood,
Both turn'd, and under open Sky
ador'd
The God, that made both Air, Earth,
and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent
Globe
And starry Pole. Thou also mad'st
the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and Thou the
Day.*

This Artifice of the Transition is us'd after very different manners: *Penelope's* Speech, for instance, in the *Odusseis* is quoted

quoted by *Longinus* to the same effect. I am tender of burthening you with too many Quotations, and therefore will only add, that if you please to run over Mr. *Philips's* Pastorals, you will see these Turns employed in their utmost Force and Beauty, and with greater Patheticalness than I have any where found. There is also in the *Temple of Death*, translated from the *French* by the Duke of *Buckingham*, so passionate a Transition, that I can't forbear inserting it. *Orontes* there complaining of his *Almeria's* Death, expresses himself thus;

*My Hopes and Dangers were less mine
than hers;*

*These fill'd her Soul with Joys, and
those with Fears:*

*Our Hearts united had the same De-
sires,*

*And both alike burn'd in impatient
Fires.*

*Too faithful Memory, I give thee
leave*

*Thy wretched Master kindly to de-
ceive;*

O 2

Make

*Make me not once Possessor of her
Charms, &c.*

Whoever can read this Piece, without giving way to the soft Meltings of Humanity, without feeling in himself every Symptom of Grief, Pity, and Tenderness, must either have a Heart or a Head that is impenetrable.

When *Longinus* comes to that part of Oratory, which consists in the disposing and ranging of Words in their proper order, he tells us, that this Disposition or Rangement, if skilfully managed, creates a kind of Sublime, even where the Thought themselves are very mean, and gives a certain Appearance of Nobleness to what were otherwise extremely trivial. This he exemplifies in the following Lines of *Euripides*;

*Such numerous Ills at once distract my
Mind;*

*I can no room for other Sorrows
find.*

There are numberless Passages of this Nature to be met with in our Poets; but

but I shall mention only one from *Spencer* :

*Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all its
Spight,*

*And thrilling Sorrow thrown his ut-
most Dart :*

*Thy sad Tongue cannot tell more heavy
Plight,*

*That that I feel and harbour in my
Heart.*

*Who hath endur'd the Whole, can bear
each part.*

If one examines nicely into the Thought in these Verses, nothing can be more low and miserable, and yet it is impossible not to be pleased with them: What with Ostentation of Language, what with Harmony of Sound, Pomp of Epithet, and the agreeable Turn he gives it, we are, I know not how, deluded into an Admiration of that we should contemn, if not supported by such Ornaments. Verses of this sort, if I may be allow'd the Comparison, are like those Faces which, if you consider each Feature distinctly, have nothing agreeable, but discover variety of

Graces when survey'd at once in the Symmetry of the whole: The several Parts fall asunder with disadvantage, but unite in a profusion of Charms.

Our Author illustrates this Subject with another Example, which is also taken from *Euripides*. I will set it down as it is in the Greek:

—'Εἰ γὰρ περὶ
 Τύχοι πέριξ ἐλίζας, εἰλκ' ὁμῶς λαβὼν
 Γυναῖκα, πέτεαν, δρῶν μεταλλάσσων αἶσι.

*If haply round he winds him, restless,
 strong;
 The Tree, the Rock, the Nymph he
 trails along,
 Obsequious to his Motions.—*

He confesses the Thought in this place, by which I suppose he means the Image, to be very noble; and observes, that as the Measure is not tripping but grave, so the Pauses, which are indeed admirable, serve as so many Props to support and elevate it to that pitch of Sublimeness which it bears. You will observe I have endeavour'd to work up the

the *English* into a sort of *Iambick*, which is the Number the *Greek* runs in; and if you look cautiously into the Nature of that Measure, you will find that as it has a settled deliberate Pace, so there is in it a Solemnity, which creates a certain Gravity or Awe in the Mind of the Reader, and gives him somewhat of Composure: And this I take to be the true meaning of that Expression in *Horace*, where he tells us that the Dramatick Writers made choice of the *Iambick* Foot as most proper for commanding the Attention of the Audience:

———*Et populares*
Vincentem strepitus.———

*To morrow, says Shakespear, to morrow
and to morrow
Creeps in a stealing Pace from Day to
Day, &c.*

And *Spencer,*

So down he fell.—

*So down he fell, as an huge Rocky
Clift,*

*With dreadful Poise, is from the main
Land rift,*

*Whose false Foundations Waves have
wash'd away;*

*So down he fell, and like an heaped
Mountain lay.*

Whether the Reflections that have been made upon that of *Virgil, Procumbit humi Bos*, are fanciful or real, I pretend not to determine; but here, as you cannot but take notice, the Numbers move on slowly majestic, and seem to step with that sedate Grandeur and regular Pause which a graceful Tragedian expresses on the Theatre. Such Observations as these may seem to flow from an over-warm Imagination, and to carry Criticism beyond its due Bounds: It must not indeed be expected a Man should give into them, who has not a Mind well heated and prepar'd to receive the Impressions of Poetry. But after all, you will, perhaps, say, they are Niceties which follow

low in Nature, and of their own accords, upon the working up of a great Conception, without any previous Design, or direct Intention of the Poet. Be it so. Yet they are Niceties which help to aggrandize our Ideas, and are at least agreeable, if not useful, Amusements to the Fancy.

Thus, Sir, I have run over all the Poetical Quotations I find in *Longinus* with what Brevity I was able, agreeable to the Promise I gave you. If the Reflections I have made fall in with the general Taste, I shall be very well pleas'd; if they do not, I ought not to be displeas'd: What I have said is my private, but yet impartial Sense; if the Criticisms are not just, they are candid; and tho' I have deliver'd my Thoughts freely, I hope I have done it inoffensively. As for the rest, whatever Lapses in Writing, or Inaccuracy of Style, you may discern in the Course of these Remarks, they are what I am the less concern'd for, because they may naturally pretend an easier Claim to your Indulgence. Up-
on

on the whole, if I may obtain from you the Character given by my Author to *Cecilius*, viz. That I am more to be commended for the Pains I have been at, than blameable for my Omissions, I shall be fully satisfied: More than this I will not be so vain as to expect, till I can write as well as you can judge.

If the Time allow'd me for the casting these loose Thoughts into the Form of a Letter had permitted, I would have consider'd some of our Poets, as *Waller*, *Milton*, *Shakespear*, *Fletcher*, and others, in the same View as *Longinus* has characteriz'd *Hyperides* and *Demosthenes*. *Waller* abounds with a multitude of easy Turns and sprightly Strokes of Fancy: *Milton* pours upon us a Torrent of Images, great and terrible: In Subjects common to them both, *Waller* is most fruitful; *Milton* most natural. I have a Fondness for the one, but I pay Adoration to the other. In like manner, *Fletcher* perpetually pleases me; but I am struck with Astonishment when I read *Shakespear*. Can one read him without the
utmost

utmost Emotion? Or would you not rather be Author of the Two wonderful Scenes in *Julius Caesar*, than all *Dryden's* Plays put together, even tho' they were ten times as Voluminous as they are? For my own part, I could almost be content that *Virgil* himself were less correct, provided he were more Sublime. At the same time it must be granted, that those Writers, who excel so highly in the Grand and Lofty, are liable to numerous Failings, and those sometimes very gross ones; but how can one expect it should be otherwise? Human Spirit in such Works is wrought to its utmost stretch, and cannot, as our Critick observes, possibly support it self thro' the whole with equal Majesty: Nature asks a Breathing-time: He must trifle with *Homer*, who would rise to *Homer's* Altitudes. To conclude, if these great Men are at some Times as the Ocean, in its Exaltations, or as the Sun in his Meridian, they must be allow'd at others, to resemble him in his decline:

—Aspiring

— *Aspiring Mists fall down in Rain;
Nor mounts the Lark but to descend
again.*

There is a kind of Inconstancy in the Productions of great Genius's. Now you shall see them striking the Clouds with their Heads; now touching the lowest ground: They have their Risings, and they have their Wanes:

Such the inconstant Queen of Night appears;

At diff'rent Times a diff'rent Dress she wears;

Her Head encircled in with Silver Rays,

The glimmering Beam at first but faintly plays:

*Around her now encreasing Lustre flows,
And stately-large the pale-spread Beauty shows:*

At length, full Orb'd, in ample Glory bright,

Her peerless Honours and expanded Light

Priding she views: Heav'n the fair Round admires,

*And hides diminish'd its ignoble Fires.
But*

*But then, again her dwindling Splendor
fades,
And all the shining Pomp is cast in
Shades;
With lesser Lights the spangled Æther's
spread,
And each small Star uplifts its twinkling
Head.*

I am with the most sincere Friendship
and Esteem,

S I R,

Your obedient

humble Servant.

T H E E N D.

THE SUBJECT-ARGUMENT OF

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